

American

OCTOBER 25 CENTS

MERCURY

James Burnham: THE CASE
AGAINST ADLAI STEVENSON

T. Harry Williams:
The Macs and the Ikes

THE SPARKMAN LEGEND

Report on New Jersey:
The Bog Across the River

On Hemingway and Steinbeck
PUBLISHED BY THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Knott Hotels

In New York

visit these fine hotels of
character, comfort, convenience

HOTEL NEW WESTON

Madison Avenue at 50th Street

A smart East Side address close to fashionable shops, theatres, and Radio City. Famous for its delicious French cuisine.

HOTEL FAIRFAX

116 East 51st Street

HOTEL WINSLOW

Madison Avenue at 55th Street

HOTEL PICKWICK ARMS

230 East 51st Street

HOTEL WELLINGTON

Seventh Avenue at 55th Street

A short walk from the City's favorite visiting spots—Times Square, Radio City, Broadway theatres, Central Park. Subway at the door.

HOTEL BRITTANY

55 East 10th Street

HOTEL HOLLEY

33 Washington Square West

HOTEL PARIS

West End Avenue at 97th Street

KNOTT HOTELS IN OTHER CITIES

DeWitt Clinton
Albany, N. Y.

Powers
Rochester, N. Y.

Hendrick Hudson
Troy, N. Y.

Carlton
Binghamton, N. Y.

Robert Treat
Newark, N. J.

Stacy-Trent
Trenton, N. J.

Alexander Hamilton
Paterson, N. J.

Garden City
Garden City, L. I., N. Y.

Pittsburgher
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Congressional
Washington, D. C.

Haverford
Haverford, Pa.

Vermont
Burlington, Vt.

*Reservations can be made by TELETYPE
without charge between all KNOTT Hotels.*

Boston Office
Tel. Lafayette 3-2208

Philadelphia Office
Tel. Kingsley 6-1100

Washington Office
Tel. Lincoln 6-4040

American
MERCURY
 VOL. LXXV OCTOBER 1952 NO. 346

A MAGAZINE OF IDEAS

IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION		3
THE CASE AGAINST ADLAI STEVENSON	James Burnham	11
WHAT PRICE PRESIDENTS?	Serge Fliegers	20
THE MACS AND THE IKES	T. Harry Williams	32
LETTER FROM ITALY: <i>Poverty and Politics</i>	Gustave Mersu	40
KILGORE—WEST VIRGINIAN WATER BOY	William Bradford Huie	47
REPORT ON NEW JERSEY: <i>The Bog Across the River</i>	Peter Kavanagh	54
THE FLYING SAUCER HOAX	Victor Black	61
LETTER FROM PERU: <i>The Thriving Barrack Square</i>	Peter Schmid	67
ATTEMPTING EVEREST	Morton Clurman	77
IN OUR READERS' OPINION		86
BOOKS:		
<i>Male-ism and Moralism—Hemingway and Steinbeck</i>	William Phillips	93
<i>Arthur Koestler, the Mellow Machine-Gun</i>	Spencer Brown	99
<i>Baseball à la Wagner</i>	Harvey Swados	104
IN SHORT		107
SECOND THOUGHTS: <i>Vision and Values</i>	Peter Viereck	111
DOWN TO EARTH: <i>The Annual Statement</i>	Alan Devoe	119
DRAUGHTS OF OLD BOURBON: <i>The Sparkman Legend</i>	William Bradford Huie	123

Founded by Henry L. Mencken

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

In forthcoming issues:

Anthony Harrigan

Newspapers Without News

The Decline of American Journalism

Ben B. Seligman

The Satellite Squeeze

Soviet Exploitation in Eastern Europe

William Phillips

Edmund Wilson's Essays

An Appraisal of The Shores of Light

Bernard Wolfe

The Man With the Rubber Nose

A Broadway Profile

THE AMERICAN MERCURY MAGAZINE, INC.

RUSSELL MAGUIRE, *Chairman of the Board*

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE, *Editor*

MARTIN GREENBERG, GUNTHER STUHLMANN

Associate Editors

ALAN DEVOE, SERGE FLIEGERS, EDWARD HUNTER

Contributing Editors

RACHEL B. WALKER, *Assistant to the Editor*

ALMA E. DREWES, *Subscription Manager*

Published monthly by the American Mercury Magazine, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions; \$3.50 in Canada; \$4.00 in all other countries. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1952 by American Mercury Magazine, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Protection secured under the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. No articles may be reprinted in whole or part without permission. Not responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

In the



MERCURY's

OPINION

November 4, 1952, Will Be an Historic Date

THERE IS A TENDENCY, perhaps, on the part of free men always to overemphasize the importance of an approaching election. Free nations seem forever to be teetering on precipices, and whether they are lost or can be saved is often determined by the elective process. But this country has survived other life-and-death elections: 1832, 1860, 1904, 1932; so it may be that the election of 1952 is not extraordinarily important; maybe it only appears so to those of us who are involved.

Indeed, many people are insisting that this election is of little importance; that we are living in an era of inexorable political tides; and

that since both candidates are patriots and generally in agreement, whichever one is the winner, the country can be congratulated.

However, we at the MERCURY are convinced that the American decision on November 4, 1952, will be historic. We believe that some future Gibbon, in weighing the momentous events of the twentieth century, may very well conclude that it was in 1952 that the irrevocable error was made in the greatest experiment in free government in the history of mankind.

At the risk of sounding corny, we at the MERCURY believe in the greatness of America. We believe in the majesty of man: that one man is important and godlike and worthy of the freedom to chart his own life,

to develop — or lose — his own soul. We believe, with Tom Paine, that “the cause of America is the cause of mankind,” and in 1952 we believe that the cause of America is being menaced, from within, by the proponents of collectivism, and, from without, by the armies of collectivism.

Therefore, we believe that in 1952 a heavy charge lies on every reasoning American citizen, particularly on those of us who think of ourselves as moderate, well-informed, middle-of-the-road independents. Decision this year comes easily for those, on either the right or left, who simply vote their prejudices or to promote their personal, material interest. But for those of us who stand near the center, with neither prejudice nor material interest, there is a responsibility to history.

ON NOVEMBER 4, 1952, only two types of votes can be cast in the Presidential election: votes of approval and votes of protest. A vote for Stevenson will be a vote of approval; a vote for Eisenhower will be a vote of protest. No American can register a protest by not voting; the citizen who stays away from the polls will be signifying approval; and the only protest candidate on the ballot will be Eisenhower.

Because of political realities, a vote for Stevenson will be much more than a vote of approval. It will be a vote to disqualify permanently

the Republican Party for national leadership. If the Republican Party, under a great, world-respected leader like Eisenhower, cannot qualify for leadership of this nation in 1952, after six years of Trumanism, then when is the American electorate likely to summon it to leadership?

Here is a reality: if the Republican Party, under Eisenhower, is not to be adjudged worthy of replacing Truman, then why should any young American, from this point on, join the Republican Party? Certainly not through any hope of being able to influence the course of events by peaceful means.

A vote for Stevenson, therefore, is a vote to end peaceful, effective, two-party government in America. For Stevenson's election, inevitably, will change the character of both major parties. What is now the Democratic Party will become, in effect, the Government Party, the party which will command a permanent majority through its control of the national resources; and what is now the Republican Party will become an unhealthy, permanent minority party, without hope of success by orderly democratic process, therefore a breeding ground for fascism.

If this situation develops, where then can we who claim to be intelligent, middle-of-the-road, reasonable citizens — where can we take our stand?

Is not the health of *both* political

parties the dearest concern of the American Center?

The clear responsibility of American moderates in 1952, for our own survival, is to support Eisenhower's efforts to build the Republican Party into an effective instrument for free government.

THIS ARGUMENT is resisted, understandably, by at least three groups of citizens.

First, there is the group of moderates who resist voting Republican because to do so means associating with the Extreme Right. It means "getting in bed with McCarthy."

But, for the health of this nation, is associating with the Extreme Right in 1952 any more distasteful than associating with the Extreme Left in 1948? Are the self-styled 100% Americans more distasteful than the Communists and pro-Communists? McCarthy may be a rather rambunctious bedmate, but is he less desirable than Marcantonio? Or Hiss?

The most ridiculous people in this campaign are exemplified by the Brothers Alsop. They are intelligent enough, even unselfish enough, to understand that Eisenhower's election is in the best interest of America. But when they go out to Wisconsin or Illinois they are so offended by the odor of McCarthy's supporters that they must grab their handkerchiefs out of their sleeves and cover their nostrils. And they must express

their "keen disappointment" when Eisenhower slaps the backs of McCarthy and Jenner.

Can't they understand that with only two parties to serve the interests of 150,000,000 free people, each party's banner must be broad enough to cover diverse groups and tongues, opinions and emphases? And that what most recommends Eisenhower in 1952 is his demonstrated talent for composing the differences among free men?

Conversely, in this necessary alliance for revitalizing the Republican Party, the second group who are uneasy are the Extreme Righters themselves. They opposed Eisenhower's nomination because he is a centrist; now they are lukewarm about working for him because, they say, he is a me-tooer.

"Eisenhower is not one of us," they claim. "He's surrounded by 'internationalists.' He can't win. So this year we'll just wait. We'll vote for the right congressmen, and we'll wait until we can nominate a *real* American. Then he can be elected — *easy*."

This is a position which is unrealistic and unintelligent, and one which is heavy with danger for the nation. For if the Extreme Right refuses to work for Eisenhower this year, with the result that he is defeated, then the Republican Party will become their exclusive possession. By 1956 the Extreme Right will, indeed, be able to nominate

one of their own; but he will have no hope of winning, and the Republican Party will have become a swamp for the disgruntled.

The Center, too, will suffer if this comes to pass, as will the nation. But the Center survives only as long as there are two vital and effective parties; it is liquidated when either form of extremism prevails.

In 1952 we have a year and a situation in which most American moderates earnestly desire to vote Republican. If, under these conditions, the "real" Republicans refuse to co-operate for victory, then we will have the tragic old paradox of inflexible patriots contributing to the decline of their own nation.

If Eisenhower, in the national interest, can campaign for McCarthy and Jenner and Bricker and Charles Taft, is it too much to ask that the supporters of these patriots tear their shirts for Eisenhower?

The third group of citizens who are resisting the Republican trend are those moderates who, perhaps for most of their lives, have voted Democratic. They attribute some virtue to "party loyalty," and they either do not realize or do not concede that 1952 is a year when, in the national interest, many nominal Democrats, too, should come to the aid of the Republican Party.

For these Democratic moderates we have some questions:

If the Republican Party is defeated in 1952 and subsequently de-

teriorates, how long will the voice of moderation be tolerated in the one remaining Government Party?

At their convention in Chicago the Democratic moderates were able to beat down the Democratic extremists. Why? Would any Democratic moderate deny that it was because of the threat of a re-enforced Republican Party?

Then isn't it true that every Democratic moderate has a stake in the health of the Republican Party?

Making free government work, at best, is a complicated business; and making it work in 1952 is a task for intelligent, generous, and devoted men.

ONCE IT IS conceded by all moderate Americans that, in the national interest, we must maintain *two* political parties, each healthy and capable of governing the nation, then we can proceed to the principal issues of 1952.

The first issue, patently, is *armed collectivism*. The principle of meaningless elections and one-party government now has fierce armies at its command. And big bombers. And atomic bombs. These armies are bent on overrunning the earth, and have already overrun a large part of it.

Which American political party offers the best hope of uniting the nation against this threat? It was the Democratic leadership which disbanded our own strength at the end of the Second World War and as-

sured us that we had nothing to fear from armed collectivism. It was the Democratic administration which sheltered the subversives who strove to deliver our secrets and open our gates to the armies of collectivism. It was the Democratic policy maker, Dean Acheson, who from 1945 to 1949 stood in one hall after another and told our people not to worry about collectivist expansionism in Asia.

On the Republican side, it is Eisenhower who has been building the defenses against armed collectivism. It was John Foster Dulles who fashioned the Japanese peace treaty, the only constructive development in the Pacific.

Is there any reason to believe that a Republican administration, under Eisenhower, would attempt to *weaken* the free world's defenses against armed collectivism? Conceding that a few Republican senators may be reluctant to support a program of foreign spending, these senators would be much more likely to go along with a President of their own party than with a President of the opposition party.

For those moderates who concede that subversives should be eliminated, not hidden, in our government, who seems to be the most reliable choice to perform this task in a fair and forthright manner? Would not Stevenson still be encumbered with his friendships for traitors?

For those moderates whose affec-

tion for Mr. Acheson is somewhat less than Truman's, which candidate is the best bet to allow Acheson to enjoy the rewards of private life? Not Stevenson; Acheson is campaigning for him.

On the whole intricate question of foreign policy, it is difficult for us to understand how any American moderate can fail to prefer Eisenhower.

ON THE issue of labor legislation, is there a single moderate, informed member of an American labor union who honestly believes that his cause will suffer unjustly if Eisenhower becomes President? Is there any moderate who can point to a laboring American today who is a "slave"?

The labor extremists, the union leaders who put their power and position above the common welfare, and the simple, unreasoning souls who compose some of the unions — of course these should vote for Stevenson. He has promised outright repeal of all restraining legislation; he has promised to leave the government — all our people — helpless, without injunctive power to order the suspension of a strike; so Stevenson is and should be the preferred candidate for all Americans who resent any government control over labor unions.

Conversely, all of us who have retained some degree of objectivity on the labor issue; all of us who distrust unrestrained power, whether in the

hands of an industrialist or a labor leader; we should stand with Eisenhower.

WHAT ABOUT the moderate farmer in 1952? The strong, prosperous, self-reliant farmer? Is there a farmer in America who honestly believes that his cause will suffer unjustly under an Eisenhower administration? The farmers have now attained a full measure of security under this government, and certainly there is no Republican disposition to make it less. In fact, the Republican disposition seems to be to give the farmer more with fewer restraints.

But here is a thought concerning the farmers. With two-party government they are riding high in the saddle now: they can get most anything they want. Suppose, however, the farmers continue to lend themselves to the collectivists, and the opposition party loses its effectiveness. Then the farmers will have helped to create one all-powerful Government Party.

In one-party states, how well do farmers fare? Farmers now constitute a small minority in the United States. So doesn't the American farmer, too, have a great stake in the preservation of *two* powerful political parties?

What excuse can the thoughtful, solvent, American farmer have this year for making a further contribution to one-party government?

Most American moderates are in

agreement on one point: that the old one-party system in the South has been a plague both to the South and to the country as a whole. Under an Eisenhower administration the Republican Party in the South can become a strong, hopeful, largely youthful force. But if Stevenson is elected, how can the South emerge from one-partyism when the rest of the nation will be continuing toward one-partyism?

So THE American election of November 4, 1952, we believe, will be historic. No citizen should neglect taking part in it. If Eisenhower wins, we believe that free men everywhere can take heart, because it will signify that this nation has restated its faith in constitutional, two-party process. But if Eisenhower loses, we believe that the cause of freedom will have suffered another stroke, for it will signify that this nation, too, has chosen to install one Government Party, and to travel on down the road to collectivism and ultimate dictatorship.

This Is Our Pre-Election Issue

THIS ISSUE of the MERCURY, being our last issue before the election, is somewhat more political than usual. We planned it this way so that we could get our opinions rather thoroughly on the record and then move on to the world as it will be after November 4.

We have stated what we believe to be the reasonable arguments for Eisenhower; and James Burnham has made the intellectual case against Stevenson. There is a scholarly piece, "The Macs and the Ikes," by Professor T. Harry Williams, of Louisiana State University, on the two distinct types of generals who have been influences in our political history. There is an informative article by Serge Flieders on the cost of Presidential elections; and our readers in West Virginia and Alabama will be particularly interested in our pieces on Senators Kilgore and Sparkman.

This is the season for stocktaking at the MERCURY, and we invite our readers to look us over critically and give us the benefit of their criticism. Our department "In Our Readers' Opinion" is open to any reader with a forthright view; and this month we inaugurate a new reader-participation feature, "Do

You Know?," to which we invite our readers to submit significant facts which they believe are being overlooked.

Quite frankly, too, the MERCURY is now in the midst of the largest promotion campaign in its 29-year history. Until now we have been content to enjoy the largest newsstand sale of any magazine in the opinion field: now we also aspire to the largest number of subscribers. We invite our readers to subscribe, not only for themselves but also for their friends, and particularly, we invite them to subscribe for their sons and daughters on the college campuses.

The MERCURY is now owned and supported by a group of citizens headed by Russell Maguire, and with this support we shall now endeavor to provide our readers even more of the sort of vigorous and effective writing which they have come to expect of us.

The Triumph of Evil

» All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing.

EDMUND BURKE

Do You Know —

— that five thousand citizens of the United States are today in prisons in Soviet Russia and her satellite nations. But when the F.B.I. caught Russian spy Goubitchev, we gave him prompt passage back to Russia. Communist Gerhardt Eisler was also permitted to escape from the U.S.

MRS. R. L. SNOWDEN,
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA.

— that during World War II, the U.S. Treasury Department gave to Soviet Russia our engraved plates for printing currency, together with the ink, paper, and all necessary equipment? Russia then printed, with U.S. equipment, billions of dollars in currency which the United States has been forced to redeem. Our engraved plates have never been returned.

FROM MAJOR JORDAN'S DIARIES, p. 217.
HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 1952.

— that forty-five million, or 48 per cent of the eligible voters in the United States, did not bother to vote in 1948?

SENATE DOCUMENT NO. 150,
JUNE 25, 1952.

— that Alger Hiss's rapid rise in our government came after Dean Acheson and others had been advised by the Security Section of the State Department that Hiss had been named as an underground Communist agent?

JONATHAN C. STEWART,
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

— that American soldiers who are war prisoners from the Korean war are now being shipped from North Korea into Soviet Russia?

THE TV PROGRAM, Tempest Tossed,
AUGUST 26, 1952.

— that the annual increase in world population is 1.25 per cent. The increase in food production is only 0.3 per cent.

R. AMBLER MAGUIRE,
BOULDER, COLORADO.

In this space each month the MERCURY will publish what we judge to be the most important facts submitted by our readers. These must be facts, not opinions. Elsewhere we publish readers' opinions as well as our own. We invite the submission of such facts and will pay \$5 for each one published. Each submission should carry the notice "Facts" and should be accompanied by an authoritative reference. Unfortunately, we are not able to acknowledge or return submitted material.

James Burnham

THE CASE AGAINST

Adlai Stevenson

Hamlet on the Hustings

IT WAS NEARLY three years ago, at a small Washington cocktail party, that I first heard Adlai Stevenson talked up for President. A jolly man from Florida looked around as he began his third Bourbon-on-the-rocks: "I guess you folks don't know that I'm managing the next President. Adlai don't know it either, but that's who it is, Adlai Stevenson, and it's as good as in the bag."

Two guests who had never before heard of Stevenson quickly put on the Washington expression meaning: "That's old stuff. Everyone cleared for Top Secret has known it for months." The cheerful Floridian proceeded:

"He's good-looking, young, quick on his feet, a hundred per cent clean record, fine family background right

back to the Revolution, makes a pleasant speech and keeps it short, has lots of friends and three handsome children. In his own state, he ran half a million votes ahead of Truman in '48. And he's never made any enemies."

"What's his program?" asked a local grouch who was sitting in a corner.

"Program?" echoed the southern prophet in some surprise. "Oh, program. Why, Adlai's got a perfect program. Balance the budget and reduce taxes. Higher wages and lower prices. Enforce anti-discrimination and strengthen local government. Guaranteed employment, security, housing and medical care for all, and no socialism for America. Adequate rearmament for peace. Stand up to Stalin and always be ready to negotiate when Stalin shows that he's sincere. No witch-hunting and no Communists. Don't you worry about program, my friend. Sit down and write

James Burnham, well-known political writer, is the author of The Coming Defeat of Communism, The Machiavellians, and The Managerial Revolution.

it the way you like it, and that's it. And don't forget that Adlai hasn't any enemies."

The conversation then shifted to the latest iniquity of Senator McCarthy, but it lingered in memory. The personal part of the sketch that was happily drawn that afternoon has suddenly become a portrait painted on the full national canvas. There is surprisingly little dispute over the likeness.

I want to assume the accuracy of this sympathetic and now public picture. There is no doubt about the solidity and distinction of Adlai Stevenson's long line of forebears. Their frequent civic contributions have ranged from Presidency of the D. A. R. to the Vice Presidency of the national government. His plurality in running for Governor of Illinois is on record. The photographs of him and his sons prove that their appearance is pleasant. He was a successful practicing lawyer.

I shall further assume that he is well-read, as he seems to be, intelligent, thoughtful, gracious, sociable, friendly, as all who know him say that he is. He is free from any suspicion of personal corruption. His speech and even speeches are rare among American political products in being often witty — a little on the whimsical side, but still a rhetorical relief from the standard platitudes.

Granted all this, Stevenson would seem to be the most eligible of men for dinner party, week end, or fish-

ing trip. As a friend or attorney, for a lecture or a quiz show, he must rate near the top. He would even be a plausible choice for mayor of his home town, or governor of the state in which he is thoroughly established and widely connected.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION of the Democratic Party did not, however, nominate Adlai Stevenson as candidate for mayor or governor, as friend or attorney or speaker or television performer. It recommended him to us, in this fifth year of the cold war and the twentieth of one-party incumbency, for the Presidency of the United States during the years 1953-57 — years when it will quite probably be decided whether free government and Western civilization are to endure or perish.

Immediately after the Democratic convention, the opinion suddenly became orthodox that the political troubles of the United States were all but ended. Whichever party won the election, the new President was going to be so close to perfect that everyone could sit back and relax. Lewis Gannett summed it up for the New York *Herald Tribune*: "One reader at least concluded that a country which had Stevenson and Eisenhower as opposing candidates would have a right to be a proud and unworried land."

Is it quite that easy?

Adlai Stevenson did not want the

nomination. No man has ever been so active a non-candidate as Stevenson. During the first six months of 1952, he stumped half the country, spoke at the biggest public dinners, held a dozen mass press conferences, appeared on all the leading TV programs, gave ten-page written answers to editors, had his picture on the cover of the biggest national news magazine, gave room and desk and many hours to the author of a book-length biography published a month before the convention, posed for a thousand photographs and newsreels, all to explain to his fellow-countrymen — to whom the issue had never occurred — that he did not want the nomination, was not a candidate for it, was “temperamentally, physically and mentally” unfit for it, and would shoot himself if he got it.

Judging with Shakespeare that this coyest of suitors did protest too much, and wickedly reasoning by Congreve’s principle that “she only is chaste who’s never been asked,” the convention nevertheless offered him the candidacy, and was not refused.

Just exactly who wanted Stevenson, and why?

No one will argue that the call which came that hot July night to the reluctant candidate in his tent on Astor Street was the spontaneous voice of the clamoring masses. Even the select portion of the masses which was sitting as convention dele-

gates had some difficulty clearing its collective throat. For two long ballots the decibel level of the call for Adlai was well below the majority mark. As for the ordinary Democratic Party members — the forgotten men of those proceedings — where they had been given a chance, they had shown that they wanted Estes Kefauver.

The facts plainly show that the call first issued from a set of voices that never grow hysterical though they carry a long way. The choice of Stevenson was made calmly and thoughtfully by those cold and able professionals, the bosses of the Democratic Party’s big-city machines. At their head was Jacob Arvey, chief of the Illinois party apparatus, who as original sponsor holds the political copyright on Stevenson.

WHY DID the bosses want Stevenson? As an individual, a person, he is in all respects unlike them. He is a cultivated, intelligent, many-sided amateur, who has only a literary acquaintance with the life of precincts and the local clubhouse. He has and has always had plenty of money. He seems to have traveled more in Europe than among American voters. What turned the eyes of the bosses toward him?

It was not so much that the bosses wanted Stevenson. A Harry Truman is more their dish of tea. It was rather that they immensely needed Stevenson, that they couldn’t do

without him. The bosses are business men. They are in the business of votes, patronage, and public contracts. With the ideas, principles, and morals of a prospective candidate the bosses are concerned only insofar as these affect the one point that counts. Is he promising voter-bait?

The 1952 problem of the Democratic bosses was simple to understand but hard to solve. Their party, after twenty years in power, had begun to stink so in the nostrils of the citizens that there didn't seem a chance in the world for its re-election. The bosses knew that they could count on a substantial bloc of Democratic votes from those held to the party by organizational ties, ancestral loyalty, or imperative special interest. They knew also that these votes are less than a majority, and that the election is going to be decided by the intermediary, factionally independent citizens — the "marginal" or "floating" voters. Every poll, every survey, as well as every conversation in bar or smoking room, told them that the independent citizens were fed up with the mess of apathy, scandal, corruption, and vulgarity that Washington has become through one party's too long and careless a stand at the troughs of power.

The bosses rightly sensed that disgust had come to take precedence over views on specific issues of policy.

ny voters who would normally

incline more to the Democratic than to the Republican emphasis on foreign policy or social security or government enterprise, had become convinced that for the sake of the most elementary public hygiene the Washington stables had to be cleansed.

What the bosses so urgently needed, then, was someone to shield them through the perilous election period, one who could sweeten the odor that arises from the bureaus and the corridors. In Adlai Stevenson they have found, or hope that they have found, their chlorophyll, their Airwick.

The bosses' specifications were exact. They had to have a man with views vague enough to keep the party from splitting. Just so are Stevenson's views, as my early bird from Florida observed so neatly. *As a person* their candidate must seem to embody just the opposite of the qualities now reigning in the White House. Adlai Stevenson is made in this critical respect precisely to their measure. In every dimension — family, fortune, schooling, taste, mind, speech, amusements, friends — he is the detailed contrary of the Truman-Vaughan pattern.

Third, the bosses required someone as free as Galahad from any link to corruption. This third requirement was not so easy to fill from within the walls of the Democratic mansion. Even Adlai Stevenson has had a bit of trouble when his old

friend, Charlie Wray, whom he had appointed Illinois' head food inspector, was caught passing horse-meat as hamburger. Somehow, even after Stevenson became governor, the political murders, race riots, and big-time gambling did not disappear from the streets of Jacob Arvey's Chicago or Capone's old Cicero bailiwick. However, there was nothing on Stevenson personally. He had about him a wide aura of righteousness, reinforced by phrases from the Bible, a habit of self-deprecation, and an unbridled humility. Even die-hard Taft men in his presence couldn't bring themselves to mention low objects like mink coats, Florida hotels, and ice boxes.

THIS IS THE ANSWER to the question who picked Stevenson and why. He was picked by the Democratic bosses because they believe that with him at the head of their ticket they may be able to kid the independent voters into thinking that there can be a real change without changing the controlling party. From whatever combination of naïveté, self-disguised ambition, and sincere belief, Adlai Stevenson has lent himself to this maneuver, and allows himself to be led by Arvey's hand toward the plush and klieg-lighted altar.

The success of the maneuver depends, of course, on preserving the illusion that Stevenson is completely independent of the old-line party

machine. But in spite of tricks like making Springfield, Illinois, nominal party headquarters, and trying to keep Truman under wraps, the illusion is too crude. Reality keeps popping through.

The White House crowd has long been accustomed to thinking of the government as their private property. They failed to realize how strange it would look to the country when they summoned "their" candidate to be "briefed" and instructed by officials — like the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency — who are supposed to represent the nation as a whole, not one of its political parties.

Stevenson now and then tries by an abstract phrase or two to dissociate himself from Washington corruption. He does not and cannot specify names and incidents, analyze causes, or show concretely how what he himself has called "the Washington mess" can be cleaned. How can he, when to do so would simply prove that what is at fault is not this or that individual but a system and a party gone sour, that what the country — not Arvey but the citizens at large — needs is a new regime, not a fresh face and better manners.

Stevenson himself gave the show away, and displayed his handcuff to the party machine, when he ended his speech of acceptance as follows:

"I will give to you all I have, even

as he who came here tonight and honored me, as he has honored you — the Democratic Party — by a lifetime of service and bravery that will find him an imperishable page in the history of the Republic and of the Democratic Party — President Harry S. Truman.”

If any doubt remained, the Stevenson-appointed head of the Democratic National Committee removed it on August 20. According to the *New York Times* report: “Stephen A. Mitchell of Illinois took over today as chairman of the Democratic National Committee and promptly made gestures of the strongest deference to President Truman as still ‘head of the Democratic party.’”

Truman himself angrily blurted the next day that he (Truman) was “the center of the campaign.”

The bosses are not interested in ideas, but (in spite of my Florida friend) Stevenson does have certain ideas, or at least has been subject to certain influences. To the extent that these bear upon what will be the next four years’ most important questions, they should be prudently examined.

When asked what is “the biggest single issue of the day,” Stevenson replied: “Foreign policy, in my opinion. I would view with the utmost misgiving any indication that America was wobbling or indecisive.” Foreign policy means our relation to the Soviet Union and world Commu-

nism. Where, on the biggest single issue, does candidate Stevenson place himself? The indications are not altogether reassuring.

Stevenson seems to belong by temperament to that group of self-defined liberals who have on the one hand sparked the collectivist side of New Dealism, and on the other have provided the ideological culture material in which pro-Communist points of view and individual Communist agents have flourished. Stevenson, like most of the others, neither is nor was a Communist or fellow-traveler. But at the same time, these men did not shut their doors and ears to Communists or to Communist-originated policies.

Drunk from anti-Nazi Popular Front highballs spiked by the G.P.U., these liberals set the Washington atmosphere in which Communist cells grew in the bureaus. They spun the moral cloud under which aid went to Tito in 1944 instead of Mihailovitch, and Moscow’s stooges instead of the Free Poles were recognized as the government of Poland. They furnished the intellectual props for Yalta, and they — without knowing what they did — made smooth the road over which Mao and Chou marched to the conquest of China.

STEVENSON first went to Washington in 1933, at the call of Henry Wallace. He joined the Agricultural Adjustment Administration at ap-

proximately the same time as Alger Hiss, whom he came to know then, and the other individuals who soon constituted the deadly "Ware cell." From 1944 to 1947, in connection with the founding and first meetings of the United Nations, he resumed his friendship and collaboration with Alger Hiss. In the Hiss trial, the defense felt sure enough of Stevenson's attitude to seek — and get — his deposition as to Hiss's reputation for integrity, loyalty, and veracity.

It was Stevenson's friend, the poet Archibald MacLeish, favorite adornment of the literary Popular Fronts and Open Letters of the thirties, who persuaded Stevenson to come back to Washington to work for the United Nations. Another Stevenson friend, the then Senator Claude Pepper, long-time darling of the *Daily Worker*, pushed him through to his first active meeting with Franklin Roosevelt. The present tenant of Stevenson's farm is another good friend, Marshall Field II, known in those same thirties as the angel and publisher of the notorious New York *Compass*, a hotbed of fellow-travelers and pro-Soviet journalists, the leading perpetrator in its day of smears of anti-Communists.

Stevenson has chosen Wilson Wyatt, former head of Americans for Democratic Action, as his personal campaign manager, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a present vice chairman of A.D.A., as his research director. The A.D.A., a pretentious

outfit of nostalgic New Dealers looking for a new depression to save the country from, and specializing in anti-anti-Communism, split a few years ago when its nonpartisan members refused to go along with its whitewashing of the State Department's China follies.

Schlesinger is married to the sister of John K. Fairbank, of Harvard, the O.S.S., the O.W.I., *Amerasia*, and the Institute of Pacific Relations. It would be a cruel thing to hold a man to blame for his brother-in-law. But Schlesinger has taken explicit political as well as personal responsibility for the *bona fides* of Fairbank — of whom it has been testified under oath that he was a member of the Communist Party, and who has been undeniably proved the active associate of Communists and pro-Communists. (The Military Occupation in Japan a year ago denied Fairbank an entry permit, which was, however, recently granted by the more obliging Department of State.)

Nor has Schlesinger turned his back on his friend, William Remington, convicted of perjury for denying his Communist Party membership and at present up on a technicality for retrial. From the Institute of Pacific Relations itself, proved by prolonged and meticulous Senate investigation to have been "infiltrated by Communists and . . . used for pro-Communist and pro-Soviet purposes," Schlesinger and his friends

have made no dissociation. Their condemnations have been reserved for those who exposed the I.P.R.

It is hard not to wonder what kind of research on Soviet and Communist problems will be turned out under Schlesinger's direction.

THERE IS NO QUESTION, certainly, about Adlai Stevenson's loyalty. But can one suppress an anxious concern about his knowledge, his judgment, and the pressures that have shaped his outlook on what he himself recognizes to be the ultimate problem of these coming years? In no public statement or writing has the introspective and voluble Stevenson ever made any analysis or accounting of the political meaning of his past and present associations. It was not a crime to have been a friend of Alger Hiss. It is a grievous political sin to refuse to face today what Hiss, and the Hisses, signify.

All of those who wrote about Stevenson in the months preceding the convention stressed the inner turmoil and torment — the word "agony" was often used — through which he was going in the effort to decide whether to accept the (still unoffered) nomination. He did not try to hide this nagging self-examination, but rather, like Hamlet, displayed it. He seemed unable to give a direct Yes or No answer to himself or others, and he too spoke of "the long agony" through which he was passing.

"I had no such self-confidence at all," he announced in April, "but yet I didn't want to seem to shrink from the job out of fear. I didn't want it — it seemed to me to mean honor, yes, but also misery. . . . I had hoped at first that just by taking a negative attitude, the situation might take care of itself. But as it began to get increasingly clear that that wasn't going to work, I had to think about another way. . . ." In one of his rare lapses of taste, he said as late as his acceptance speech: "I have asked the merciful Father of us all to let this cup pass from me."

This excruciating inability to decide important questions was not uniquely displayed in this instance. From all accounts, it is a characteristic of Stevenson's. His sympathetic biographer, Noel Busch, writes that when he was faced with the question of running for governor, "the resultant indecision upon Stevenson's part set a record." Just how this indecisiveness is to be explained, and how it is to be judged, are subject to a variety of psychological and moral interpretations. Mr. Busch seems to suggest that it may be connected with a psychic scar left by the tragic accident which was never mentioned from 1912, when it happened, until 1952, when *Time's* researcher stumbled across it. It is not the explanation, however, but the undoubted fact of his indecisiveness that is of public concern.

It is curious that in this respect

also Stevenson is the opposite of Harry Truman. Whatever his inferiority in knowledge, intelligence, taste, and breeding, Truman has proved that he can make up his mind, firmly, resolutely and rapidly. From the midst of the doubts of sycophants and bureaucrats, Truman has *decided* — to smash the Communists in Greece, run the planes into Berlin, send troops to Korea. The ability to decide is not the least of a political leader's qualifications. Stevenson, himself, oddly enough, quoted in a speech at the Chicago stadium:

On the plains of hesitation

Bleach the bones of countless thousands . . .

During the next four years there will be no lack of demand for major decisions. Some of them may be more momentous than any decisions yet taken by any man. It is not impossible that among these will be the question whether or not to launch the atomic bomb — and that the answer will not wait for even an hour. Whom shall we assign to say that Yes or No? Should we believe Adlai Stevenson when he warns us that he is “temperamentally, physically and mentally” not fit to be President?

To Be or Not To Be

» I would shoot myself if nominated. For the last time, I am not going to run for the Democratic Presidential nomination. I am not interested in the job.

ADLAI STEVENSON, *July 13, 1952.*

A question that involves millions of dollars
and millions of Americans —

What Price Presidents?

Serge Fliegers

ONE TANGY SPRING EVENING this year, a modest-looking man in a New Hampshire restaurant finished his dinner, paid his check, carefully slipped a dime under the edge of his plate and went about his business. That particular dime, his tip to the outraged waitress, proved the most expensive item in his entire career. The man's name was Robert A. Taft. The story of his ten-cent tip was picked up — some even say invented — by his political opponents. Together with other such tales it helped defeat him in the New England primaries. That defeat, in turn, started the chain of events which ultimately lost him the presidential nomination.

In this instance, Taft's personal frugality made him forget one cardinal fact that should be constantly

Serge Fliegers, whose article "Crisis in South Africa" appeared in our August issue, is a MERCURY contributing editor.

remembered by both candidates and voters in this election: choosing the President of the United States has become the most expensive national pastime since Cheops erected his pyramid.

This is not only because candidates must switch from dime to dollar tips if they want to remain popular, or because political boosters spend as much as five million dollars on "I like Ike" and "Hurrah for Adlai" buttons.

Presidential elections have become expensive for a number of reasons. One among these reasons is that neither candidates nor voters have taken time out from campaigning to stop and ask:

How much does it cost to elect a President?

To call this the sixty-four-dollar question would be the understatement of the ages. It is a question that involves millions — not just tens but hundreds of millions.

For the past several months we conducted an intensive investigation to determine exactly how much the American people pay every four years to put a man of their choice into the White House.

The obvious prime source for any such material is a small air-conditioned office on the top floor of the Old House Office Building in Washington. There, among a lot of art work pinned to the wall, and guarded by happy bureaucrats who work a frolicsome four-hour day, stands a battered brown filing case.

According to the Hatch Act, that case is supposed to contain and offer up for inspection a list of receipts and expenditures by every political group in the United States.

All we had to do was to step up, browse around among the files, and take appropriate notes. But for present-day Washington that would have been too easy. First we found that the guardian of the case, a toothy and brash young man, refused, with nonchalant disregard of the law, to produce his files. Threatened with legal action, he reluctantly dragged forth an outdated envelope — not the one we had asked for — and stood by, ready to snatch it away if we dared so much as to take a single note.

This was but the first instance of the veil of evasiveness drawn by politicians around what seems to be the central mystery of their cult. In another instance, the administrative

assistant of one presidential contender told us with barefaced boldness that it cost his boss nothing to run for President — oh, perhaps just the salary of an extra stenographer, and a few railway tickets. Later, we were told that this candidate was supposed to have spent three to seven million dollars in one primary alone.

BUT from a variety of sources, both official and unofficial, we were able to work out the over-all pattern of campaign spending.

This pattern brings out one paramount fact: that it costs more to elect the President of the United States than it does to choose or install any other official in the world. On the basis of reports filed under the Hatch Act (and we shall presently explain why this is but a fraction of the total outlay), the cost to Americans of returning Truman to the White House was \$13,563,878. Meanwhile, in England, Winston Churchill was returned to Parliament with an expenditure of \$2,234.40 (£798).

Though the comparison isn't a fair one — Churchill was campaigning only for his own safe seat in the House — these two figures do give some idea of the relative cost of electioneering on both sides of the Atlantic. The real story of the election of a President, however, involves not only the question of how much money it costs, but — most impor-

tant — where that money comes from and where it goes.

The Hatch Act requires filing of receipts and expenses by political organizations operating across state lines and in general elections only. Thus we know, for example, that the Democratic National Committee spent \$2,127,296 during the last election, and the Republican National Committee spent \$2,736,334. The Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, during the same time, spent \$49,273, while its Republican counterpart invested \$500,254 in a victory that remained elusive. (In individual breakdowns, we find that Republican Senatorial aspirant C. Wayland Brooks of Illinois spent \$71,170 and lost, while Democratic stalwart Burnet Maybanks of South Carolina spent 58 cents [on postage] — and won.)

But what of the innumerable local committees that collected and spent thousands of dollars during the campaign? Their figures are not on the record. Nor are the amounts spent in primaries — such as the Texas campaign which reputedly cost Senator Connally one and a half million dollars, or the Ohio campaign in which Taft was helped by \$1,808,000.

Political scientists specializing in the field of campaign finance, and the acting treasurer of one national political committee, gave us independent estimates of what the true cost of a campaign amounts to, including the sums spent in primaries

and by local committees not required to file statements. They agreed that this total amounts to approximately ten times the amount reported under the Hatch Act.

That would bring the cost of the 1948 campaign up to 130 million dollars. And the estimates for this year's campaign would come close to the quarter-billion-dollar mark.

These figures are staggering, but do not surprise political observers. They remember that the Lonergan Committee, as far back as 1940, put the cost for the presidential contest of that year at fifty million dollars. And if one takes into account the rising price index, the increase in campaign intensity, and the enormous added cost of television, the quarter-billion-dollar figure for 1952 begins to look conservative.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS HAVE NOT always cost so much. Indeed, one historian has remarked that the value of an American President is in an inverse ratio to the amount of money it costs to elect him. When Abraham Lincoln accepted the Republican mandate in Chicago, he had only a few thousand dollars pledged to him. At the end of his successful campaign he had spent roughly \$138,000, which covered all his expenses and left him enough to replace one pair of shoes and one top hat "worn out in the politicking."

It was Mark Hanna, working for McKinley, who first had the bright

idea that Presidential elections could be turned into big business. He approached all banks and corporations operating under federal charter and virtually leveled an assessment on their profits. This brought him over three million dollars and the undying hatred of bankers and corporate lawyers. As a result of Hanna's high-handedness, legislation was later passed prohibiting political contributions from banks and corporations. (Some firms which helped push through this law now spend as much time thinking up ways to circumvent it in order to help the candidate of their choice.)

But even with corporate millions officially out of the way, election costs have kept climbing quadrennially. Even during the depression, when Americans were clutching their money in a tight fist, they decided to relax their grip on 5,146,000 dollar bills in order to bring Roosevelt to Washington. And once there, Roosevelt managed to leave the imprint of his peculiar political genius on the way Presidents would — from now on — be elected.

Roosevelt brought three new developments to the old game.

Although it seemed insignificant at the time, Roosevelt's most far-reaching action took place when he introduced electronics into elections. People were mostly amused when he started his fireside chats. Today, the air waves carry an unending stream of political material, from the radio

spot announcements of the local candidate to the week-long TV coverage of national conventions. And the cost of radio and TV has become indisputably the major item in today's election budget.

Partly stemming from Roosevelt's use of the radio and other mass communication media, and partly because Roosevelt managed to drive his campaign to a height of dramatic intensity, there came a second development: more people listened and voted than ever before. A little better than three million people cast their ballot in the campaign between Lincoln and Douglas. Thirty-seven million voted when Roosevelt made his first bid for the White House. And close to fifty million men and women went to the polls during Roosevelt's last contest — a figure which will not be very much exceeded in the present election.

The third factor to enter politics during Roosevelt's tenure of office was the strong hand of labor. Prior to the depression, Samuel Gompers' interdict on labor meddling in general politics had been strictly heeded by union leaders. But Roosevelt negotiated an alliance with labor, and with the 1940 campaign the C.I.O.'s Political Action Committee had definitely become a *troisième force*, strong enough to place Henry Wallace on the Roosevelt ticket.

Much as a result of these three developments, and the intensity of the 1940 campaign which really fright-

ened legislators, Congress amended, assembled, and issued new laws regulating election practices. The old Federal Corrupt Practices Act was augmented by the Hatch Act and later by the Smith-Connally and the Taft-Hartley laws. This legislation was designed to put a fence around what Dr. Ralph M. Goldman calls the Big Three of American politics: Big Business, Big Labor, and Big Government.

AS IT STANDS TODAY, this legislation is supposed to limit Big Business by establishing a three-million-dollar-a-year top on the expenditure of a committee, and a \$5,000 top on individual contributions.

Banks, corporations, and public utilities cannot contribute at all.

Candidates may not spend more than \$5,000 to campaign for a seat in the House of Representatives, not more than \$25,000 to seek the privilege of occupying a high-backed chair in the Senate.

Big Government is strictly banned from campaign activities. Government employees may not be coerced, solicited, or otherwise influenced by their bosses. Nor may a member of the executive branch take an active part in any political campaign.

Big Labor is also required to stay out of politics. Union funds may not be directly used in general elections, nor may union members be assessed for political purposes.

But the new laws were so much red meat for politicians and their legal experts. They just ate them up. It was Roosevelt again who had the first idea of how to nullify the \$3,000,000 limitation of the Hatch Act. "If each committee can only spend three million — well then, let's have many committees." It was as brilliant as it was simple.

In the last campaign before the Hatch Act went into effect, the Democrats had spent \$5,194,741 and the Republicans \$8,892,972. Now Roosevelt invented the "independent" committee, and they flourished overnight, from Hollywood (Samuel Goldwyn Southern California Committee for Roosevelt) to Ossining, New York (Ossining Independent Citizens for Roosevelt Committee). All these "independent" groups collected and spent an approximate aggregate of \$50,000,000 during the first election after passage of the Hatch Act limitation. Today, there are 144 independent groups, and some — such as the Citizens for Eisenhower Committee — have managed to elbow their way to a place equal in importance with the regular party organization.

In some respects, this intrusion of amateurs into politics is one of the healthiest developments we have seen during the past few years. But, as regards electoral financing, these groups only serve to complicate the picture and increase the cost of elections. Efforts are duplicated and

overhead costs for headquarters, staff, mailing, and publicity are often tripled.

ELECTORAL LAWS have had a particularly rough kicking around from the men and women who feel the urge to put their money on one candidate or another. If legislators were naïve enough to believe that their provision limiting individual contributions to \$5,000 per year would restrict the openhandedness of political enthusiasts, they have a rude shock coming to them.

They might be interested to learn that the late Mr. Lammot du Pont, who really had the interests of his party at heart, gave a total of \$31,322.79 to twelve different Republican outfits during the 1944 elections. The total contribution of the du Pont family reached the phenomenal sum of \$109,832.83. Next largest Republican contributors were the Pew oil family of Pennsylvania with \$96,995.76, the Mellons with \$59,500, and the Rockefellers with \$52,400.

Rich friends of the Democrats made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in lavishness. Samuel Goldwyn and his wife sent checks totaling \$13,250. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field and young Stanley came through with \$22,500, while the Higgins boat-building family, having amassed a fortune making Liberty ships for the government, encouraged the party in power to the tune of \$20,000.

Why do these people pay out such enormous sums to support their candidate? In many instances, it is a matter of principle. They sincerely want their party to win, and they can afford to help it with money. Others contribute because they have a personal interest in campaign issues. Professor Louis Overacker of Wellesley, one of America's top specialists on political finance, found that heavy industry traditionally favors Republicans. So do lawyers and, during the past few campaigns, doctors, who fear Democratic schemes for federal health insurance. Builders and contractors, brewers and distillers, all of whom depend heavily on the goodwill of the party in power, have done much to fill the coffers of the Democrats. (Public Law 753, forbidding contributions from concerns doing business with the government, doesn't prohibit contributions by individual members of these concerns.)

A unique field for democratic collectors is the restricted but lucrative circle of men and women who hold or want diplomatic appointments. An investigation of political contributions from these persons shows that an ambassadorship usually goes for about \$50,000 on this odd job exchange. Joseph Davies, and his spouse got their "Mission to Moscow" after contributing \$46,000 to the Democrats. Tony Biddle paid out \$55,700 before he got his post in Poland, which proved more trouble

than fun, and Jimmy Crowell's wife, Doris Duke, spent \$50,000 when her husband wanted to become American envoy to Canada.

The inimitable Perle Mesta gave most of her contributions in kind — she threw party after party to help the political career of Harry Truman and the personal career of Margaret.

FROM THE POINT of view of political ethics, there is nothing wrong about an American citizen contributing all he can to the party of his choice. A whimsical Congressman once remarked that "some men use their money, others use their mind." Contrary to the myth of "Wall Street power," rich men in America are neither numerous enough nor rich enough to exert a decisive influence on our democratic processes.

In fact, one of the weaknesses of the Republican Party has been its reliance on rich men for monetary contributions. The record shows, for example, that from January 1 to February 29, 1952, the Republican National Committee received \$143,687.77 in contributions over \$100, and \$5,070.42 in contributions less than \$100. During a similar period, pledges to the Democratic National Committee ran \$3,800.00 for contributions over \$100, and \$52,699.00 for contributions below \$100.

These figures are important. They show that while the Republicans are receiving large sums from a few people, the Democrats go out and beat

the bushes and bring back small pledges from a large number of people. Now a man who contributes a dollar or even a quarter to the Democrats feels he has a personal investment in that party. He will go out to vote for it, and most likely bring his wife and daughter. In the last instance, naturally, it is this vote which counts.

This fact, once it is understood by both parties, will serve more to limit individual contributions than any new legislation that might be put on the books.

Political contributions of another kind, however, are now coming under close scrutiny by Washington officials. Although banks and corporations have been scrupulously keeping to the letter of the law barring them from financial participation in campaigns, they have developed certain practices which can be interpreted as coming very close to the definition of "political activity." One of these is institutional advertising. For many years now, corporations have been in the habit of running "non-selling ads" — advertisements that do not feature any commodity or service. They simply sell an idea. It might be the very laudable idea of donating blood to the Red Cross, or accident-prevention. But some of the more recent advertisements, in which political implications have been seen, have been attacked as political campaigning.

It has now been revealed that Treasury agents are checking into the tax aspect of these ads — corporations might have claimed tax deductions on the grounds that the ads were legitimate business expenses. At the same time, it is understood that Justice Department lawyers are examining the matter in the light of the Smith-Connally Act prohibitions.

But if the Justice Department is as lenient with the advertisers as it has been with Big Labor activities in politics, corporations haven't much to worry about. Under the Smith-Connally and Federal Corrupt Practices Acts, labor unions are banned from making a contribution in connection with a federal election. Yet during the 1944 campaign — just one year after the passage of the Smith-Connally Act — the C.I.O. Political Action Committee alone spent \$1,327,775.92 to elect Roosevelt. For this it was called on the carpet by the special committee investigating the Presidential campaign. The P.A.C. was bland and quite unashamed. Speaking through Jack Kroll, now P.A.C. chief, and John Abt, who is now defending American Communist leaders, the P.A.C. admitted that it spent money to influence elections, printed pamphlets and generally made its weight felt. But, said the P.A.C., none of that money was given directly to a candidate, nor were the pamphlets approved by a candidate,

and thus, smiled the P.A.C., it had not violated the letter of the law. The committee was not pleased with this explanation. It urged that "loopholes in the law which purportedly permitted this [political activity] should be closed," and referred a test case to the Justice Department. At present, the loopholes are still open and the Justice Department is still sitting on the test case.

MEANWHILE, during the last campaign, the P.A.C. and other labor groups were more active than before, and reported spending \$1-, 291,343, not including money collected and spent by local P.A.C. and other labor groups, believed to have amounted to \$5,000,000. During the present campaign, labor's action groups are spending less money. Previous investments have started to pay off, and labor is politically more powerful today than ever before, to judge from its breakfast-table guillotining of Vice President Barkley.

Perhaps the best-behaved group among the Big Three has been Big Government — best behaved according to the letter of the election laws. There have been relatively few outright violations of the Hatch Act by government officials, due perhaps to the fact that Big Government does not have to infringe on the law to get its political benefits. Dr. Goldman of Chicago University puts it politely by saying: "The public

treasury plays a large part in the financing of party fortunes through economic decisions favorable to party supporters and employment opportunities enhanced by the partisan affiliations of civil servants." Our national expenditure this year will be 330 billion dollars. If even a tiny fraction of this money finds its way into the Democratic coffers, by the most circuitous of ways, who will know? And if they know, who will tell?

As to political patronage, there are 2,518,000 men and women now in federal employ, representing about five per cent of the estimated number of voters in this election. On the whole, they have not been unduly influenced. There are few political buttons on Washington lapels, no posters along the busy corridors of the "temporary" government buildings. Moreover, civil servants who have the misfortune of being Washingtonians still have no right to vote. As to the rest of them, unless they show unusual individuality or temerity, they will probably vote for the party in power, Hatch Act or no Hatch Act.

ELECTING A PRESIDENT," a high-powered publicity man working on a political account told us, "is like selling a washing machine. First you make the people believe that they can't get along without one. Then you tell 'em you've got exactly what they need. Whether it's a wash-

ing machine or a President, they'll buy it every time. All you need is enough money for the publicity." In his cynical way, the man was quite right. Undoubtedly the largest slice of a campaign budget goes towards "selling" back to the American public the man of their choice.

In this campaign, at least fifty cents out of every dollar contributed to a candidate or party will go for radio and television publicity. Another fifteen cents will pay for billboards, posters, and snipe sheets. Mailed publicity will take another eight cents, twelve cents will go for overhead, and ten cents of the election dollar will be spent on trains and plane fares, field workers and other miscellaneous expenses.

There is no doubt that television will make this campaign the most expensive contest in history. Some months before the campaign started, the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters met in New York and decided to make hay while the political sun was shining. Instead of the free time usually made available to candidates, the broadcasters determined to charge regular commercial rates for their time. This has embittered many candidates; and to crown it all, they reported that radio and TV salesmen were even charging them ten to fifteen per cent above commercial rates. (We tried to verify this with Walter Myers, head of political sales for NBC, but he could not be reached

— he was too busy selling political time.)

During this campaign, it will cost a candidate \$31,000 for an evening hour on all sixty-three stations taking NBC transcontinental feeds. Should a candidate or party desire something enjoyed by every major breakfast food company — fifteen minutes a day on your living room screen during the four months preceding election day — he would have to pay \$3,720,000 to one network alone. Multiply that by three to include NBC, CBS, ABC and the minor chains and independents, and you'll get the unbelievable total of eleven million dollars. It will sound more believable if you consider that the three networks got two million dollars each from their sponsors for just two weeks of convention coverage.

No candidate, naturally, can afford to pay such astronomic prices in order to get his message across to the people. He may turn to radio, but there again he will find that a 188 station coast-to-coast hookup cost \$25,814.50 an hour, or approximately \$13,000 *per minute* for all networks. At such rates silence becomes truly golden, but a candidate cannot campaign in silence.

A group of Congressmen and Senators have seriously taken up the question of the cost of political radio and TV time. They argue that an honest candidate is not in business, and therefore, should not be forced

to bid for time on TV and radio in competition with such profitable enterprises as beer breweries and soap manufacturers.

But in analyzing the financial implications of this campaign, party planners will find that high-priced radio and TV time are not necessarily the key to electoral success. A more effective and immeasurably cheaper campaign method is the "whistle stop tour." A candidate appearing in person at a local railroad station has more vote-getting power than his flickering image reproduced electronically in the size of a flower vase. Also, he saves money that way. The White House wouldn't tell us how much President Truman's 272-speech tour cost him in 1948. But armed with the information that he travelled 31,000 miles with a five-car train, we approached the railroads for an estimate, and found that the whistle stops cost Truman about \$30,000, including food, overnight parking, and sanitation charges.

CONSIDERING the total cost of running for President, it is easy to understand one discomfited candidate who promised that he would never again seek the tenancy of the White House — because it has the most expensive four year's lease in creation.

Even a try for the nomination, under present conditions, could easily ruin a man. Gael Sullivan, who managed Kefauver's campaign, told us

that the Tennessee Senator spent \$350,000 before the Chicago convention, and still owes \$35,000. Averell Harriman, who started late in the game, reputedly spent \$500,000, as did Oklahoma's Robert Kerr.

Both politicians and political scientists agree that this situation cannot continue. Party organizations spend half their time trying to collect money, and the other half shoveling it out for publicity, overhead, research, transportation, field workers' salaries, and other miscellaneous items (such as the expense account Mary Zirkle, acting treasurer of the Democratic Committee received from one of her women speakers: train fare \$17.90; taxi to station and back, \$.20; use of washroom, \$.05).

Several plans are now being considered to do something about election expenses. Senator Douglas is plugging a theory originally advanced by Theodore Roosevelt, that the government subvene the cost of political campaigns. This measure presents an obvious danger to our democratic processes. It is easy to see how unscrupulous government officials could use funds to favor friendly candidates and block the elections of their opponents.

Congressman Hale Boggs now heads a House Committee on Campaign Expenditures, and has imported a bright young lawyer from Louisiana to assemble a report on existing legislation with a view to its amendment and improvement.

Senator Hubert Humphrey feels strongest about the subject. He told us: "Existing [electoral] legislation is totally inadequate to assure clean and fair elections in the United States. Its limitations do not limit, its prohibitions do not prohibit. Loopholes in the various laws are so great that you could throw the White House through them, and follow it with the Washington Monument." The Senator wants immediate enactment of legislation "to provide penalties, and once and for all make sure that money cannot be used in undemocratic ways to influence American elections."

OUR OWN STUDY showed that following measures would help to bring campaign finances back to a sane and manageable level:

1. Institute the collection of party dues. At present, only the Communist and Socialist Parties in the United States collect regular dues from their members. But there is no reason why Americans should not pay out a few dollars each year to relieve their major parties from continual financial worry.

2. Regulate campaign spending in primaries, which at present are not covered by law. In some states, particularly southern ones, a primary victory means automatic election, and the same rules should apply to them as apply in general elections.

3. Establish a permanent congressional committee charged with

supervising and enforcing existing legislation as to maximum spending and contributions or activities by corporations, labor unions, and individuals.

4. Establish fixed and equitable rates for TV and radio time available to political candidates.

Some of these points are now be-

ing considered by legislators and political scientists. But until definite action is taken on Capitol Hill, the dictum of Henry Cabot Lodge still holds true: "Money in politics makes many birds sing."

And in the present election, these birds will be twittering as they have never twittered before.

The Public Eye

» The \$3,000,000 limitation placed upon receipts and expenditures of political committees by the Hatch Act [of 1940] is utterly unrealistic. If it was intended to limit the over-all expenditure of funds in a federal campaign, it has completely failed. . . . The \$5,000 limitation upon individual contributions to political committees has been ineffective. . . . It has been successfully avoided by the making of contributions by various members of the same families, and by the dispersion of contributions to a large number of state, local and independent committees. Intelligent and continuous publicity will focus public attention upon the size of campaign funds and thus public opinion itself may regulate where prohibition without publicity has failed.

Report of the Special Committee to Investigate Presidential, Vice Presidential, and Senatorial Campaign Expenditures, 1944.

T. HARRY WILLIAMS

THE MACS AND THE IKES

America's Two Military Traditions

THE TWO GENERALS were different, and they came out of the war with different reputations. One was folksy and friendly and had the common touch. He made the ordinary soldiers feel that he was interested in their smallest problem, and they loved him. The civilians on the home front admired him more than any general of the war. He won victories, he was a great general, but he seemed warm and real and close. He was Mars, but he could also have been Uncle Ned, sitting in the parlor talking about the children. For the most part, he got along well with the administration. He sometimes thought Washington wasn't supporting his army properly, and then he protested to the President through

official channels. Before the war he had paid little attention to politics and had not followed or studied closely the issues dividing the two major parties. At first, after the war began, he continued to disregard politics. But when he emerged as a military and national hero, the politicians of both parties began to eye him as a presidential possibility and to woo him with offers of support. He probably could have had the nomination of whichever party he chose. Some of his admirers advanced the proposal—and he liked it—that he run as the nominee of both, as a national candidate to unify the nation. In the end, he accepted, perhaps instinctively, the nomination of the conservative party.

The other general also won great victories. He was a brilliant field commander, and defeated the enemy in the campaign that ended the war. But this general never

T. Harry Williams is the author of Lincoln and His Generals, which Knopf published earlier this year. Professor Williams teaches at Louisiana State.

became the hero to the soldiers and civilians that the first one did. He was different from the first general in almost every way. Everything about him was dramatic — his appearance, his actions, and especially his speech. He wrote orders, proclamations, and letters crammed with splendid phrases and thunderous rhetoric. Most of the enlisted men didn't like him. To them he was a figure in bronze, a magnificent but distant spectacle who swaggered by the ranks at parades and other public ceremonials. He might win battles, he might look great, but he was never close to the common soldier. He didn't talk to them about their little everyday problems, he didn't know how to, he probably never thought it was important. To the civilians at home he was also majestic, faraway, and a little unreal. He could never have been Uncle Ned in the parlor. If he had come in the parlor, everybody would have been embarrassed and would have stood up, waiting for him to utter an Important Pronouncement.

This general did not get along well with the administration. He was convinced that he was smarter than the President and the latter's civilian advisers, and much better qualified than they to determine strategy and policy. He also had strong opinions on issues of domestic politics and had let it be known he wouldn't mind being in the White

House. Because he felt deeply about things and because he liked to express his ideas in writing, he became embroiled in frequent and angry epistolary controversies with Washington. Sometimes these quarrels involved matters of strategy concerning movements of his army, sometimes they involved the larger issue of the policy of the war. Because he knew that he was more intelligent than the President and because he was so convinced that he was right, he was not always careful to keep his opinions private or to put his protests through channels. Some of both got into the newspapers. Finally, a furious and frustrated administration relieved him of command at the high point of his career and called him home. He was still an important figure in American life and would continue to be so, but he had little chance now to be President. His influence as a political force, even in the party he affiliated himself with, steadily declined. Or, to put it another way, as a military hero with political possibilities he faded away.

WHAT I HAVE WRITTEN could stand, with a few minor modifications, as a description of the careers of Generals Eisenhower and MacArthur in World War II. Actually, I have described in the order of their appearance Generals Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott in

the Mexican War. I have misrepresented the facts about Scott a little. Four years after the close of the war and the election of 1848 in which Taylor won the Presidency, Scott made a highly unsuccessful run for the highest office as the Whig candidate. Outside of that my account is accurate, and in essence Scott's political career parallels MacArthur's.

Eisenhower and MacArthur in our own time and Taylor and Scott in an earlier one represent two distinct military traditions in our national life, two patterns that have been fairly constant in our military history. Ike and Old Rough and Ready are in the tradition of those generals who have worked with their civil superiors with a minimum of friction and who did not try to impose their views of policy upon the civilian authorities. Dugout Doug and Old Fuss and Feathers represent the type who have conducted their relations with Presidents with a maximum of friction and who have at times pressed their ideas of policy upon Washington with such violence as to cause an open break between general and government.

Generals in the Taylor-Eisenhower tradition have been popular with soldiers and civilians. Those in the Scott-MacArthur tradition have not. The Ike-like generals have been men with warmth in their personalities, men who liked people

—qualities which partly explain both their popularity and their success in dealing with Presidents. The Mac-like generals have been, or have seemed to be, cold, uninterested in ordinary folk; they were dashing, dramatic men who aroused passionate devotion in some but were never loved by the many, in uniform or out. The Ike generals have possessed a humility of mind and character which caused them to treat their civil superiors with a certain deference even when they disagreed with them. The Mac generals have been men with great intellectual arrogance, always certain that they were far superior in mental power to the President above them (which sometimes they were), and always ready to instruct him in matters of policy or to try to browbeat him into adopting their ideas.

THE FUNDAMENTAL difference between the two types has been this: the Ike generals have exemplified militarily the ideals of our industrial, democratic civilization, which took shape in the nineteenth century; the Mac generals have represented militarily the standards of an older, more aristocratic society. At the same time that Western civilization was becoming industrial, war was becoming total. No longer did it involve only a clash of armies on the battlefield; all elements of a society might feel in some way the impact

of conflict. War became industrial, machinelike, and democratic. The act of carrying on war became increasingly a problem in administration and production. Necessarily, the role of the civilian, whether President, industrial mobilizer, or home-front worker, grew in importance.

Against this background, a new type of military leader emerged — the pragmatic, scientific general of the military world, but close to the civilian community, a sort of military businessman. The Mac-type generals might readily grasp and employ the strategic concepts of modern war and be outstanding battle captains, but they rarely have understood the nature of modern democratic society or modern industrial war-making. The spiritual roots of the Mac generals are in the preindustrial age when war was primarily confined to armies and confided to generals. They have thought of themselves as members of a warrior caste, apart from civilian society, and in their field superior in judgment to the civilian authority. Where the Ike generals have been pragmatic, the Macs have been intuitive, military artists, who played it by their ear and not by civilian notes. Being artists, they have wanted a large area of freedom of action, in which to create and improvise. Being aristocrats in spirit, they have resented the restraints of democratic power. The generals of

the Ike model, being soldiers of a democratic civilization, have been better able to integrate themselves into the pattern of the democratic tradition. They have acted and talked as most Americans think American leaders should act and talk. They have seemed natural, familiar, and safe. Hence the people have trusted them, and have entrusted the high offices to them instead of to the exotic Mac-men.

THE BEST PROTOTYPES of the two traditions, the two most fully documented case histories of the two types, are in the Civil War, in the persons of George B. McClellan and Ulysses S. Grant. McClellan stands for MacArthur, Grant for Eisenhower. I want to make it plain that in comparing MacArthur to the "little Mac" of the Civil War, I intend no disrespect to MacArthur's generalship nor to his administration of occupied Japan. I think he was a great field general and administrator; I know McClellan was a poor general and suspect he would have been an indifferent director of an occupied area. Nor in describing McClellan's difficulties with the administration am I suggesting the least parallel between Lincoln and Truman. I am saying only that as military personalities the two Macs were cut from the same military cloth.

In one respect McClellan departed from the tradition of his

kind. He was very popular with the GIs until near the end of his military career. The soldiers felt that he cared for their welfare and would not waste their lives in needless fighting. Their devotion to him has been exaggerated, however, and there is evidence that increasing numbers of them wrote him off as an inept commander. In every other way, McClellan conformed to the pattern. He was magnetic and dramatic. He loved pomp and display and was the central figure in every scene. He was master of a purple rhetoric and put too many things down on paper. He had a first-rate Messiah complex and believed that he had been called to save the country. "I must save it," he wrote his wife, "and cannot respect anything that is in the way." Admirers told him he should be dictator. "I have no such aspiration," he told his wife. "I would cheerfully take the dictatorship and agree to lay down my life when the country is saved." He had great contempt for Lincoln, whom he regarded as a simple oaf who unfortunately was his superior officer. In his monumental certainty of self, McClellan believed that he had the ability and authority to pronounce political policy for the administration. In a conflict of opinion between him and Washington, he assumed that he could treat with the government on an equal basis as a sort of contracting party.

The issue of war policy that divided the North was: should the destruction of slavery be made one of the aims of the war? Most Republicans favored emancipation, most Democrats opposed it. McClellan, who was general in chief of all armies for a short period at the beginning of the war and commander of the largest field army in the East until near the end of 1862, was an open, avowed Democrat and an opponent of emancipation. Although he made no public statement of his views, he engaged in intimate conferences at his headquarters with prominent Democrats who were talking him up for the Presidency. He corresponded with Democratic leaders and urged them to fight the antislavery forces. In the summer of 1862, McClellan made his big try to capture Richmond, and failed. Lincoln came down to McClellan's camp in Virginia to find out what had gone wrong. While he was there, McClellan handed him the famous document known as the Harrison's Landing letter. Ostensibly a statement from McClellan about strategy, it was actually a lecture on what policy Lincoln should follow. McClellan advised Lincoln to adopt a conservative, anti-emancipation program and then select a general in chief to carry it out. He did not ask the place for himself — but he was willing to serve. McClellan did not make the letter public, but its contents leaked out to the press.

Lincoln ignored McClellan's counsel, and in September, after McClellan's indecisive victory at Antietam, issued the Emancipation Proclamation. McClellan was enraged. He threatened to resign, saying he would lose his self-respect if he served a government that supported a policy with which he disagreed. One night he invited a group of officers to dinner. After the meal he told them that some of his admirers had urged him to oppose the Proclamation and that the whole army would follow him if he did. When the guests recovered from their shock, they begged him to do nothing to set the army against the government. He agreed he should not, but one wonders what he would have done had they encouraged him. A few days later he published a peculiar order to his soldiers, informing them of the nature of the Proclamation and what their attitude toward it should be. In a democracy, he said, the civil authority had the power to determine policy, and the proper remedy for political errors was to be found in the action of the people at the polls. In 1864 McClellan decided to give the people an opportunity to remedy Lincoln's errors. Relieved of command by Lincoln late in 1862, because he had failed as a general and not because of his political opposition to the administration, McClellan ran as the Democratic candidate for President and went

down to a crushing defeat. He did not even secure much of the soldier vote on which he had counted heavily.

GRANT WAS almost the exact opposite of McClellan. There was little magnetism and no drama in his appearance and personality. He was not a dazzling figure at parades. His dress was always informal and, to army martinets, seemed sloppy. One sensitive observer hit it exactly when he said Grant was an extraordinary person but didn't look it. He was a spare man with a pen and didn't think it was vital to the nation that he get his every thought on paper. He worked well with his military superiors and exceptionally well with his subordinate officers. As general in chief of all Union armies in 1864-65, he showed the same skill in human relations and human management that Eisenhower did in Europe. He possessed the great gift of knowing how to manage men quietly. Although he never inspired troops to frenzies of applause, he was genuinely popular with the GI's. They regarded him with quiet affection and great respect. "Ulyss is all right" and "Ulyss don't scare" were typical GI statements that expressed their regard for him.

Grant's relations with Lincoln were always smooth, always in correct form for a democratic command system. Since Grant started

in the war as a field commander in the West, his first contacts with Lincoln were through the medium of official correspondence. He had never met Lincoln and knew little of what kind of person Lincoln was. Yet he always treated the President with marked deference because he had high respect for his office. After he became general in chief, with his headquarters in the East, and was thrown into close association with Lincoln, he came to have a great admiration for the President as a man and a war director. Part of Grant's success in dealing with his political superior can be ascribed to his human qualities: his skill with people and his humility of character. But the principal reason why he succeeded, why he was a great general in chief, why he was an effective administrator in a democratic command system, was his deep conviction that he should not pronounce on matters of political policy. Grant expressed this conviction in two letters written with what was for him unusual feeling. Early in the war his father asked him what he thought of emancipation. Grant replied: "I have no hobby of my own with regard to the Negro, either to effect his freedom or to continue his bondage. . . . I do not believe even in the discussion of the propriety of laws and official orders by the army. One enemy at a time is enough." In 1864, when he had become the hero of the war, people

besought him to give his views on certain political issues, some of which involved the conduct of the war. To a friend he wrote: "So long as I hold my present position, I do not believe I have the right to criticize the policy or orders of those above me, or to give utterance to views of my own, except to the authorities at Washington. . . ." Grant's letters expressed a doctrine that the people believed was proper for a general in a democracy. McClellan's Harrison's Landing letter expressed one that they sensed with a vague instinct was improper and dangerous to democracy. They trusted Grant's military type; they feared McClellan's. Twice they elected Grant President; McClellan they rejected.

THE TAYLOR-GRANT-IKE TYPE and the Scott-McClellan-MacArthur type have always been present in our military history and probably always will be. Both are products of the American tradition, and both may act a useful part in the military life of a democracy. In a country that puts a premium on the free discussion of all issues, it is obvious that generals of the Mac type will often arise to differ strongly and perhaps openly with the government over matters of policy. It is just as obvious that a democratic government cannot permit a general of the Mac type to continue in his position. His sustained opposition

would unsettle the very basis of democratic authority. In such a situation the general can render a greater service to his cause and can stimulate democratic discussion of the issue involved by getting out of the army and taking his case to the people, as most generals in the Mac tradition have finally done. It is of great historical significance that each Mac general has employed normal political methods to advance his program. Scott and McClellan ran for President; MacArthur tried

to influence the action of the Republican Party. Cromwell and Napoleon are not in our military tradition. It is also historically significant and a testimonial to the sound political instinct of the American people that in choosing generals to be Presidents they have always elevated those of the Ike type. They have favored with their votes only those generals who by their characters and in their actions have seemed to embody the spirit of the democratic tradition.

The Least Likely Danger

» In no country can a military despotism, such as that which has twice prevailed in France and once in England, be deemed less likely to arise than in the United States. During the Civil War there were many persons in Europe cultivating, as Gibbon says, the name without the temper of philosophy, who predicted that some successful leader of the Northern armies would establish his throne on the ruins of the Constitution. But no sooner had General Lee surrendered at Appomattox than the disbandment of the victorious host began. . . . Caesarism is the last danger likely to menace America.

JAMES BRYCE, *in THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH, 1893.*

Letter from Italy:

Gustave Mersu

Poverty and Politics

A current received opinion holds that social reforms are the only answer to the Communist threat in poverty-stricken areas of the world. Mr. Mersu shows that, in the case of Italy, it is the other way round: to institute reforms, you must first get rid of the Communists.

THE OTHER DAY I asked one of my acquaintances, a solid member of the middle class with no Marxist hankerings at all, why Communism is so strong in Italy. "That's an easy one," he replied; "Communism in Italy is the product of poverty." It wouldn't have been right to contradict him, for the poverty in Italy is in fact frightful. The workers who haven't worked for years, the *braccianti* who have only worked part time, the landless *cafoni*, the ragged mob of the southern cities, the cave dwellers of Matera and Andria — all these and many others certainly did not become Communists by boning up on the Complete Works of Lenin.

Nevertheless, it is questionable whether poverty alone accounts for the strength of Italian Communism. Most of the *mezzadri* (sharecroppers) of Emilia and Tuscany are fairly well off — and yet they stick to the

Communist Party. Economic discontent alone does not explain why the workers of Northern Italy are Communists, when they could be socialists like their German and Austrian fellows, whose lot was infinitely worse in the immediate post-war period and is little better now. Or again, how are we to explain the fact that large numbers of well-to-do people voted for the Communists in the recent municipal elections? Why hasn't the general postwar rise in the standard of living led to a decline in Communist influence?

It might be objected that such reforms as have been instituted only scratch the surface. But in Sila in Calabria, one of the few districts in which a thoroughgoing land reform was carried out, the Communists made gains in the last election. The housing crisis is still dangerously acute; but in the "Villagio

San Francesco" near Rome, a model housing project built with Catholic contributions (the Pope himself gave fifty million lira), the majority of the residents voted Communist.

You could cite any number of such examples. It helps very little to say that Communism is the product of poverty unless one takes into account the relation of poverty to politics. To put it somewhat paradoxically: there is great poverty in Italy, but the strength of Communism is far greater than the poverty. Moreover, by no means all the poor devils of Italy look to the Communists for their salvation. In Naples, for instance, the poor follow the banner of the millionaire monarchist Lauro.

POVERTY then is an insufficient explanation, since Communism is not merely an economic and social phenomenon, but also, and above all, a political one. That is, it is a specific form of organization carrying on a specific kind of political struggle. To understand the success of the Italian Communists we must understand how it is that a handful of professional conspirators were able to become a mass party with several million followers.

The "poverty theory," moreover, is dangerous from a political point of view. It encourages the belief that only economic and social improvements can get rid of Communism; it encourages a policy of passive tol-

erance and abdication on the political plane. It is itself one of the principal reasons for the growing strength of Communism: Communism feeds not only on poverty but also on the "poverty theory."

The Italian Communist leaders don't strike one as being much more brainy than their foreign comrades. What they do have is organizational skill; this, combined with certain historical circumstances, has enabled them to make the Italian Communist Party a model party in the Bolshevik sense of the word. Twenty years of underground activity produced a hard core of tried-and-true functionaries and activists. These made up the kernel of the resistance, and, after the war, of the legal party. Thanks to its organizational superiority, the Communist Party acquired, immediately after the war, a dominant political position which no party on the left could challenge.

The other antifascists were far behind the Communist functionaries in organizing ability and zeal. The few competitor parties the Communists had on the left fell apart in no time. For a while the Socialists went around with a hangdog look, full of inferiority feelings toward the Stalinists, until the day that Nenni and his followers discovered that the easiest way to stop feeling inferior was to become Stalinists themselves. This organizational ability not only built up the Communist Party of Italy into the largest one

outside of Russia; it is also the reason why it could get its hands on all the mass labor organizations (among them the Italian General Confederation of Labor) and some of the peasant groups.

Today, the Italian Communist Party enjoys a good deal less prestige than it used to, but its organization still has a cohesion which merely intellectual weapons cannot disrupt. As long as its cadres remain faithful, it is impossible to count on any large-scale split. The much-publicized "Titoist" defection of the deputies Cucchi and Magnani failed to produce even a local ripple in the ranks. So much is the strength of the Communists a matter of organization that a period of relative social peace can come in, the fighting spirit of their ranks can fall off (as has happened in the last two or three years), and still the number of Communist voters or party members doesn't decline.

THE PARTY'S organizational strength is not due to the zeal of its members alone; it also owes a great deal to the long period of training in totalitarianism which the Italians went through under fascism. The Italian working class was Stalinized long before the arrival of the Stalinists. The mentality of the post-war worker and farmer differs fundamentally from that of the worker and farmer of the pre-fascist period; you look in vain today among these

"rebels" for the once numerous anarchists, whose "Latin individualism" makes them difficult to organize and bully. In their place is an anonymous crowd which knows that to fight well you have to "believe and obey" (*Credere, Ubbidire, Combattere*, as the fascist slogan went).

Under fascism the Italians also learned the bitter necessity of always having a *tessera* (party membership card) in their pocket, or at least a union card, if they didn't want to starve. (The party card was often called the "bread card.") These malleable and obedient masses were just such "human raw material" as the Communist Party bureaucrats dreamed about. Since the Communist Party seemed well on the way to power after the fall of fascism — it actually did seize power in some provinces in North Italy — its *tessera* found many takers. In this way the red "bread cards" replaced the black. The success of Communism in Italy is owing in large part to the fact that its methods more closely resemble those of fascism than do the methods of any other party.

This tendency of the organizational side of things to predominate over all questions of theory and principle is not only typical of Italian Communism, but of all political life in Italy today. The Italian middle classes also show a preference for being led (and misled) by the nose, and are afraid to take risks and assume responsibilities. The middle-

class parties too are great big bureaucratic organizations, under strong central control, instead of democratic groupings around individual leaders such as you found in pre-fascist Italy. An important reason why the Christian Democrats have been able to challenge Communism successfully is their having an organizational structure based on the organizations of the church hierarchy. In a situation such as you have in Italy today, where hierarchically organized mass parties dominate all political life, it is impossible for loosely organized parties of like-minded people to exercise any sort of influence on affairs. The Republicans, Social Democrats, and Liberals labor under this disadvantage, and it isn't likely that they will overcome it. It is not ideas and programs they lack, but a strong organization and all such an organization implies, especially money. In short, the weakness of the Italian party system is the result of the overshadowing of individuals and ideas by organizations and bureaucracy.

THE TACTICS of the Italian Communists don't differ much from those of the other Cominform parties. Anti-Communists attack those tactics which can be effectively exposed: the lying propaganda, demagogic incitement, opportunistic twists and turns of the party line, Machiavellian exploitation of the Italian

people's patriotism and desire for peace. But these things are of only secondary importance. The Communists are strong among the workers and peasants because they control all the key positions in the trade unions. The workers and peasants don't follow the Communist Party because they swallow the Agitprop lies, or because they are charmed by Picasso's doves, or because they hate "Ridgway the plague," or because they dream of the "Soviet paradise." (What they dream about is emigrating to America.) They follow it because the Communists get them what they want, regardless of the damage this does to the national economy as a whole. The industrial workers are for the Communists because the Red-run trade unions go out and get wage increases for their members or keep them from getting laid off. The sharecroppers of Emilia and Tuscany carry party cards because the Communist leaders of their organizations get them better terms from their landlords. And lastly, the peasants of Sila vote Communist because the Communist Party makes the most noise about land reform.

The Communists make political capital out of Italy's economic distress. This distress needs a radical reform program to cure it. Yet most of the advocates of radical reform are blind to the enormous economic and political difficulties standing in the way of large-scale reform. So

great are these difficulties that not a single party or individual has even begun to outline a concrete program of reforms. All the so-called reform programs have been mere lists of improvements that it would be nice to see carried out, or party vote-catching devices, nothing more. Nor do present-day Italian political conditions permit the introduction of a radical reform program. The Christian Democratic Party, its Social Democratic allies, the Republicans, and the Liberals make up the basis of Italian democracy. Yet among all their followers only a small fraction would really like to see a thoroughgoing reform program; another section doesn't care one way or the other; while still others are actively opposed, for they would have to foot the bill.

INDEED, a radical reform program might very well push the elements hostile to it out of the middle-of-the-road democratic coalition into the arms of the neo-fascist extreme right, thus making the Italian political equilibrium even more unstable than it has been so far. To these objections, the doctrinaires of reform reply: "We realize that, but the millions who follow the Communists today would rally to the support of democracy." But would they? The "democratization" of the proletariat would probably take a lot more time than the "fascization" of a large part of the middle class. Recent events

confirm this. Agrarian reform in southern Italy swelled the vote of the neo-fascist parties, but didn't diminish the Communist hold on labor and the peasants one whit.

Thus it is impossible in the present circumstances to construct a coalition that would carry out a reform program. The Communists bear the major responsibility for this situation, since the large labor and peasant vote which presently goes to them would otherwise go to the support of a democratic coalition; and with such support the coalition would be strong enough to carry out a reform program. Thus, it isn't so much a case of Italy needing reforms in order to cut the ground from under the Communists; it is more a case of Italy needing to cut the ground from under the Communists in order to carry out reforms.

All the political and organizational skill of the Communists wouldn't matter a hoot if the democratic laws of Italy didn't give them *carte blanche*. Communist totalitarianism profits from the magnanimity of a tolerant—or is it apathetic?—democracy. Imprisoned in a liberal ideology, Italian democracy neglects to adapt its laws to a time when the civilized world needs to use every legitimate means to defend itself against its enemies. Italy, half of whose population votes for totalitarian parties, has a constitution the most democratic country in the world couldn't carry out. It not only guar-

antees every kind of political right and liberty imaginable, it also promises economic and social benefits that would bankrupt the United States. So it is no surprise that most of this superdemocratic constitution has remained a dead letter; if it weren't so, it would be impossible to govern in Italy. Such a constitution not only assures the Communists all the liberty of action they could want; it also gives them an inexhaustible fund of things to complain about. The din the Communists raise about "arbitrary actions" and "infringement of rights" is deafening. What a sight to see Togliatti get on his rusty democratic armor and mount that spavined Rosinante, the constitution, to put to rout the "violators of the laws"! You smile, but the smile hurts. Because, legally, he is always able to make out something of a case. With such an idiotic constitution, there is probably not a single soul in Italy whose "rights" aren't violated every day. It is the fault of the democrats if the Communists can play their Machiavellian game with rights they would be the quickest to suppress if they had the power.

BUT THE GOVERNMENT is preparing a few surprises for the Communists. There are a number of laws being drawn up designed to check at least their illegal activities, and to put a stop to some of the more revolting slanders of their press. What

annoys them the most, however, is the electoral law the government wants to put through. At present, democrats and totalitarians in Italy divide about evenly, if we calculate on the basis of the results of the municipal elections. To get a democratic governmental majority, you need an electoral law that rewards the democrats. (It is not enough to "defend" democracy; you must also "reward" it if you want to keep the totalitarians from winning.) Needless to say, a shift of the governmental majority to the right is much more probable than a shift to the left. But it is the Communists of the left who attack the electoral reform most violently, for they prefer a victory of the neo-fascist extreme right to a consolidation of the democratic center.

Still, the chief reason why Italian Communism is handled with kid gloves by the government is not the immunity guaranteed it by the constitution. Nor is it because anyone believes in the fiction that Communism is an "intellectual tendency" like any other. The chief reason is political opportunism. Italian Communism is incapable of seizing power by legal or even illegal means. It doesn't threaten the country's security except as a fifth column. Its existence as a political party is the main reason why Italian democracy is so weak, since this prevents the integration of the working class and sections of the peasantry with the

democratic state. But, from the point of view of the party in power, there are certain advantages about the Communists being around. Without the Communist danger, the Christian Democrats couldn't have become the "fortress against Communism," a slogan that won them the 1948 elections.

The somewhat too advantageous cohabitation of the "Communist danger" and "Christian Democratic fortress" is threatened only by the presence of a third force. This is not the democratic "third force" which has been the subject of so many pipe dreams, but the third force of fascist reaction. The peculiar thing about right-wing extremism is its being a "danger" and a "fortress" at the same time, and the party in power has to fear it in both these roles. Whereas Communism

is only an enemy, fascism is also a competitor. So it has to be fought in two ways: directly, as an enemy of democracy, barring it by law from the political arena (hence the antifascist laws); and indirectly, by stepping up the anti-Communist struggle so as to deny any point to the neo-fascist "fortress."

A government based more to the right would probably conduct the anti-Communist struggle with less fastidiousness. But it would also open the way to the restoration of the monarchy and the installation of a neo-fascist regime. Certainly the democratic policy of the center offers little more than a crutch. But given the balance of forces existing in Italy today, the only alternative is to walk with crutches or sit on bayonets. I'll much rather take the crutches.

Undermining Prosperity

» How anyone acquainted with the policy of world revolution which the Comintern, under the leadership of Moscow, pursued during the inter-war years . . . can have supposed that Russia would ever collaborate with the West is past understanding. . . . Whether the Soviet leaders intend war is their secret. But their present policy undermines the prosperity of the Western powers by forcing them to devote to rearmament resources which could otherwise be used to improve social conditions.

R. N. CAREW HUNT, *in THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF COMMUNISM, Macmillan, 1951.*

KILGORE

WEST VIRGINIAN WATER BOY

William Bradford Huie

WEST VIRGINIANS, mostly, are hardy folk, proud and rebellious, and they have the love of liberty that is common to men who enjoy robust appetites, breathe mountain air, and sleep with clear consciences. Up in those hills you can get hurt just for "looking down" on a man: subservience is a resented and uncommon quality.

Therefore, the West Virginia hills are an unlikely abode for Communism, and they are the last place in the country you might expect to produce a legislative water boy for Communism. Yet here is a fact. Now that Claude Pepper has been returned to the everglades, and now that Idaho voters have sent Glenn Taylor back to his guitar, the one man in the United States Senate who is most subservient to Communism is the senior senator from West Virginia.

The twelve-year Senate record

of the Honorable Harley Martin Kilgore is untarnished by any display of independence: he has remained faithful to the party line; he is the favorite senator of the *Daily Worker*; he looks unblushingly to the Stalin worshippers both for instructions and for money with which to purchase his re-election.

Of all the Senate races this year, the most interesting to the objective observer is Kilgore's effort to be reaffirmed. For in addition to being the last survivor of the Pepper-Taylor-Kilgore axis, he is the only member of the Senate to have been specifically endorsed by the Moscow radio, and he is the only member of Congress who is running on a record of having advocated the delivery of our atomic secrets to Russia.

As a politician he is not without resources. His oversized head coupled with the dignified bearing gained as a county judge gives him

the look of a statesman. He was born in the hills, but he is not a hillbilly, and he makes an effective stump speech. He is a better-educated Truman; a veteran of World War I and the National Guard. In a normally Democratic state, endorsed by the C.I.O. Political Action Committee, he is a formidable candidate.

Moreover, Kilgore's cause is aided by the very tradition of rebelliousness among his constituents. This tradition is the explanation for Kilgore, it is one of the keys to why he has remained in the Senate this long, and it is a second factor which attracts the attention of the objective student of Communist techniques. West Virginia was born of a mountaineers' rebellion against tideland aristocracy; it is one of the states, like Wisconsin and Nebraska, which has nourished native radicalism.

For thirty years now the most effective of all Communist tactics has been to march alongside native radicals in the Popular Front. Communists using native radicals as servants, to carry water and forge chains, is standard practice in the Red manual. But in most of the free world, native radicals have now learned to avoid the trap of the Popular Front.

If, in 1952, with his record, Kilgore is able to win, it will indicate that the vigorous and patriotic radicals of West Virginia still insist on being duped, and still insist on being represented by a dupe.

Kilgore's long record of subservience to Communism began in 1942, shortly after he had ridden Roosevelt's coattails into the Senate. Among the first bills he introduced was one to create a "centralized planned economic administration" to control scientific research both during and after the war.

The nature of this proposed legislation can be deduced from the fact that it was instantly supported by all the Communist publications. The official magazine of the Communist Party in the United States, the *Communist*, edited by Earl Browder, Volume 21, No. 11, dated December, 1942, declared:

What is most needed is the organization of a non-partisan campaign and movement involving trade unions, government agencies, community and industrial leaders in support of the principles of the Kilgore Bill.

Among the resolutions adopted by the national convention of the Communist Political Association, this was No. 1:

1. A federal law to meet the problem of industrial demobilization, such as the Kilgore Bill.

The Commerce and Industry Association of New York hired a group of specialists to study this Kilgore Bill. The group reported:

It is abundantly clear that the Kilgore Bill seeks to create a political mechanism that could drastically change the economic character of the United States. . . . We reject its

false promises and denounce its concealed purpose which is to collectivize all scientific research, development, and technical service in this country.

On November 9, 1943, an article appeared in the *Daily Worker* under the prominent byline of Senator Kilgore. In this article the Senator contended violently that the National Maritime Union deserved "partnership rights" with the companies which owned the ships. This was the first of many occasions on which the Senator carried water for the NMU.

House Document No. 136, entitled One Hundred Things You Should Know About Communism in the USA, has this to report:

72. What unions have the Communists controlled?

In 1944, the Committee on Un-American Activities found the following unions to have "Communist leadership . . . strongly entrenched":

The National Maritime Union of America (C.I.O.)

United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers of America (C.I.O.)

This second union, the United Electrical Workers, expressed its admiration for Senator Kilgore at its convention in Boston in 1947. The *Daily Worker* of September 24, 1947, reports:

The UE's political resolution calls for a policy of building labor's political strength as an independent force to lend support to such liberals as Senators Pepper, Kilgore, Murray

and Taylor, and such Representatives as Helen Gahagan Douglas and Vito Marcantonio.

Of that list of Red favorites, it may be noted, only Kilgore and Murray survive in Congress. Pepper, Taylor, Douglas, and Marcantonio have already been repudiated, and Murray will be up for re-election in Montana in 1954.

On May 20, 1944, the *Daily Worker* had two headlines on Kilgore's activities. The first story reported:

Senators Claude Pepper and Harley Kilgore will be among more than fifty experts in government, business, labor, science, professional and white collar fields who will participate at the National Wartime Conference June 2 and 3 at Hotel Commodore. Kilgore will preside at the panel on "International Collaboration of the Professions in the Postwar World."

The second *Daily Worker* story said:

Speaking before the Kings County dinner of the American Labor Party here last night, Senator Kilgore paid a special tribute to the "selfless, devoted members of the National Maritime Union."

Sponsor of important postwar legislation supported by labor, Kilgore said that such plans as his, calling for real democracy, are as important as artillery because they bolster morale.

On March 5, 1946, the *Daily Worker* announced:

A national Win-the-Peace conference to mobilize the American people

behind anti-Fascist peace policies will be held in Washington April 5, 6, and 7. The sponsors include Senator Harley M. Kilgore, who will address the conference, and Senator Glenn Taylor.

On April 8, 1946, the United Press reported:

Delegates to the Win-the-Peace Conference [sponsored by Kilgore] today sent President Truman their ideas on how to get along with Russia and set out to enlist Congressional support for their program.

They demanded that the United States give its scientific knowledge of atomic energy to the United Nations and quit using the atomic bomb as a "threat."

Here, from the House Report, is the record on the National Committee to Win the Peace, sponsored by Kilgore.

1. Cited as subversive and Communist. (Attorney General Tom Clark, letters released December 4, 1947, and September 21, 1948.)
2. "One of a group of Communist fronts designed to soften the foreign policy of the United States in order to give Soviet Russia a free hand in China and in Central Europe. It was born in Washington, D. C., at the Win-the-Peace Conference held there April 5, 6, and 7, 1946. It was sponsored by Senator Harley M. Kilgore."

After Winston Churchill had made his Fulton, Missouri, address in 1946, alerting the free world to the Communist threat, the *Daily*

Worker proudly carried a two-column picture of three United States Senators who had "rebuked" Churchill—and then "castigated" him. The three senators were Taylor, Kilgore, and Pepper.

In 1947, Kilgore, along with Pepper and Taylor, tried to prevent the House Un-American Activities Committee from investigating Communism in Hollywood. He joined the Committee for the First Amendment which was organized to protect the "Hollywood Ten," who refused to discuss their Communist affiliations with the House Committee.

The official organ of the Communist Party on the West Coast is the *Daily People's World*, and on October 29, 1947, the *People's World* reported:

Two days after its stirring broadcast to the American people by top-flight motion picture talent arrayed against the Un-American Committee investigation of Hollywood, the Committee for the First Amendment today announced an expanded list of members.

Included in the new list are Senators Kilgore, Pepper, Thomas, and Taylor.

Of these four, only Kilgore remains in the Senate. Thomas, of Utah, was defeated in 1950.

On November 2, 1947, the *Daily Worker*, reported:

Forty movie stars and Senator Harley Kilgore today denounced the Un-

American inquisitors over an American Broadcasting Company national hookup.

Here is the citation on Kilgore's Committee for the First Amendment:

A recently created Communist front in the defense of Communists and Communist fellow-travelers. Its immediate purpose is to create favorable public opinion for the Communists who refused to testify before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. (California Committee on Un-American Activities, Report, 1948, p. 210.)

On May 2, 1946, most of the front page of the *Daily Worker* was devoted to its headline on the May Day parade: 75,000 NEW YORKERS, LED BY VETS, MARCH IN GREAT MAY DAY PARADE. "The capitalist system is bankrupt and rotten," says William Z. Foster.

Included in the May Day story was this paragraph:

A telegram of greetings from Senator Harley Kilgore was read to the crowd in the square.

That it has been Kilgore's policy to hire Communists and fellow-travelers is well established in the record. The cases of Charles Kramer and Henry H. Collins are typical. Here is Elizabeth Bentley's testimony on Kramer:

MR. STRIPLING: Any other members of the Perlo group?

MISS BENTLEY: Charles Kramer.

MR. STRIPLING: His real name was

Charles Krevitsky. Did you know that?

MISS BENTLEY: I had been told that.

MR. STRIPLING: Where was he employed at that time?

MISS BENTLEY: I believe he went with — is it Senator? — Kilgore?

MR. MUNDT: Is Kramer a Communist?

MISS BENTLEY: Oh, yes; of long standing.

When Whittaker Chambers was asked under oath if Kramer was a Communist, he replied: "Of course."

When Kramer was questioned by the House Committee, after admitting that he had been employed by Kilgore, he declined to answer the question on his Communist affiliation, claiming the protection of the First and Fifth Amendments.

After Collins told the House Committee that he had been employed by Kilgore, he, too, declined to answer whether or not he was a Communist.

In the spring of 1950 the Mundt-Nixon Bill "for the control of subversives" was introduced in Congress, after which the National Committee to Defeat the Mundt Bill was organized. This committee was cited as "a registered lobbying organization which has carried out the objectives of the Communist Party in its fight against anti-subversive legislation."

On March 7, 1950, the *Daily Worker* carried Kilgore's name in large headlines as "denouncing" the Mundt-Nixon Bill:

Senator Harley Kilgore denounced the Mundt Bill today as a "dangerous proposal" which would be "turned against labor" if it became law.

Kilgore led the fight to defeat the bill, then, for some strange reason, he voted for its passage. Truman vetoed the bill, after which, for an equally strange reason, Kilgore voted to sustain the veto. But the bill became law over the veto.

Here are typical quotations from Kilgore parroting the official Communist Party line:

... Nor can any reasonable man doubt that the deepest aspiration of the Soviet Union is lasting peace.

It is up to us, who have the atomic bomb, to show our good faith by halting its manufacture and by furthering international efforts for the elimination of atomic weapons.

In the 1946 elections, of course, a valiant effort was made to defeat Kilgore by the citizens of West Virginia who understood that he was a servant of subversion and Communism. But he was so sustained by money from outside West Virginia that when the votes had been counted he had received a majority of 3,524 votes over his Republican opponent. A United States Senate Committee investigated the election, and here are pertinent conclusions from its report:

It was a recognized fact that the registration records of many counties contained countless names of persons

who had moved their residences from the precincts in which they were registered (p. 12).

In Precinct 44 the Chief of Police and several members of the sheriff's office were instrumental in transporting "floaters" to the polls and in paying them for their services (p. 14).

It was definitely established that at least 60 of the "names" voted were not legitimate votes in this precinct. The addresses which were used as registration addresses had never been the residence of a great majority of the persons whose names were voted (p. 15).

It clearly appears that a substantial amount of money was paid to individual voters in three of the counties investigated: Logan, Mingo, and some precincts of Kanawha (p. 16).

The Democratic Receiving Commissioner stated that he heard that "everything was fixed" to see that Precinct 25, Logan County, went heavily Democratic, but he refused to disclose his source of information. He said that he "shut his eyes" or "turned his head" when anything did not look good to him (p. 23).

Numerous instances of gross irregularities and violations of election laws, as cited above, were discovered by this investigation.

That's the record of the senior Senator from West Virginia who is now running for re-election. If he can return to the Senate on that record then the cause of Communism in the world will have gained, and the cause of freedom will have lost.

Senator Kilgore and the AMTORG

One of the most revealing examples of how American lawmakers have been used by the Soviet conspirators against this country occurred in 1945, when the Senator from West Virginia made the principal address at a meeting "honoring" the chairman of the AMTORG Trading Corporation — a Soviet front for conspiracy against this country.

Here are excerpts from Senator Kilgore's address as recorded in the *Congressional Record* of Friday, December 21, 1945.

Mr. Chairman, I welcome the opportunity to be with you at this gathering of the Industrial and Professional Division of the American BIRO-BIDJAN Committee in honor of Mr. M. M. Gousev, chairman of the AMTORG Trading Corporation. . . . I am happy indeed to extend to you, Mr. Gousev, as chairman of the major business organization of the Soviet Union in this country, my best greetings and congratulations. . . .

We must lend the Soviet Union every possible financial assistance to accelerate her reconstruction, not only as a matter of justice and sympathy, but also in order to help develop our commercial relations for the benefit of both our people. Fortunately for the world as a whole all the great powers are ardently devoted to safeguarding the peace. . . . No reasonable man can doubt that the deepest aspiration of the Soviet Union is lasting peace.

To show the scope of Senator Kilgore's error, here is a description of the AMTORG Trading Corporation given by J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation ("Red Spy Masters in America," *Reader's Digest*, August, 1952):

Ever since we recognized Russia in 1933, Moscow's spies have been at work. At first they penetrated factories and laboratories, in order to grab our most advanced manufacturing processes. For this purpose, the AMTORG Trading Corporation, established here to promote trade with the Soviet Union, provided excellent cover. AMTORG officials recruited undercover agents who stole formulas for petroleum products, lacquers, textiles, and industrial chemicals.



The BOG Across The RIVER

Peter Kavanagh

ACROSS THE HUDSON from Manhattan is a large bog — this is the State of New Jersey. A bog in the American landscape seems completely out of place. In Ireland, for example, a bog is an accepted thing — it is a part of nature and has its special appeal. English writers have tried to throw an air of romance over their bogs by referring to them as fens, but even the most city-bred Englishman will readily admit to the existence of English bogs. In America the attitude is otherwise: "Whaddyeh mean a bog in America? There ain't no such thing."

There are many reasons for taking this attitude, but the chief one is that if you are to admit to the ex-

istence of an American bog then it follows that you must admit to the existence of American bogmen. This is utterly repugnant to the American mind and tradition. Everyone in America has money, has his own home, owns a motor car, smokes cigars — how then could there be such an animal as an American bogman? So it is that Americans have shut out from their minds the idea that there could be a bog in America. Yet there is a bog as big as anyone ever saw right across the Hudson from Manhattan. They do not call it a bog; they call it New Jersey.

To get to New Jersey from New York you take the train from Pennsylvania Station — a station that reflects all the ingenuity of modern civilization: moving stairways, air-conditioning, central heating, doors that open automatically at your approach. The train travels under the river and when it emerges from the tunnel on the other side you find

Peter Kavanagh, whose article "My Wild Irish Weekly" appeared in our September issue, is a frequent MERCURY contributor. He is the author of two books on the Irish theater and was formerly a professor at Trinity College, Dublin.

yourself in the middle of a bog — sloblands on every side, refuse dumped everywhere, tin cans, old motor cars, slag heaps — each article giving off its own-peculiar odor. No pleasant peat bog this over which one might run in his bare feet on a summer's day; this is a bog with stagnant water and wiry marsh grass. All the roads run on continuous bridges and because they are hundreds of feet above the bog they are called skyways. The cars running along these roads seem like some high-wire aerial act in a gigantic circus.

The railway line runs on an embankment built up out of the bog. Newark is the first town; it looks as if it had been built on a barren bit of an island in the middle of this wilderness. Skyscrapers, industry, tall chimneys belching black smoke, blast furnaces — all in the middle of the bog. The train comes to another island and another town; and so on for at least fifty miles, past Princeton University and on to the state capital at Trenton.

AT SIX O'CLOCK every morning the ringing of ten thousand alarm clocks breaks the silence of the bog. People crawl out of bed. Lights are switched on. Ten thousand coffee pots are put on stoves and ten thousand glasses of orange juice are poured out. The girl takes the curlers out of her hair and combs out her tinted locks. The man shaves in

the bathroom, spitting and slashing as he prepares himself for the day. In another house a woman of sixty is doing her toilet. Her husband died many years before and her child is grown. She could rest now, but what could she possibly do with her leisure? So she too combs her hair, but in a matter-of-fact way unlike the young girl. At seven o'clock New Jersey is off to work — off to New York across the Hudson.

From every direction the crowds stream to Hoboken. At Hoboken they change, some to take the Hudson Tube and others to take the ferry. They rush through turnstiles, and then a fast sprint to catch the train or ferry before the boom is lowered. The man runs with determination and disregard for his fellow-travelers; the young girl runs primly from the knees down; the old woman with pathetic clumsiness and clutching a cheap shopping bag in her hand. She is going to work in a hotel, changing the sheets and cleaning the rooms. The young girl works in an office building. The man drives an elevator.

Once they get on the train or boat they relax, though there is some tension in their faces. The old woman huddles in a corner and pulls her arms about her. The young girl hangs from a strap, is neatly dressed, but her face looks drawn. The man reads a tabloid newspaper. And so to work. In the evening the same crowds return. There is the same

rush, the same throng, but there is a touch of hopefulness in their faces. They are going back to their homes, back to the hope of relaxation. A few drinks in a bar, a date perhaps, a session before a television set, the reading of a magazine, loud talk. And then to bed to await the ringing of the alarm clocks the next morning.

This is New Jersey, and in a limited sense this is America. Simple people, honest people, people for whom hard work is more an emotional than a material need. Their culture doesn't teach them how to relax. They are generous in helping others, partly because it helps a neighbor to get back into the toiling mob, and partly because in doing a good turn it helps to use up some of the free time which might otherwise be wasted on reflection. New Jerseyites, like the rest of the world, do not like to reflect. If they reflected, the whole basis of their routine, almost of their life, might be in danger of collapsing. They do not wish to see themselves as living in a bog.

NEW JERSEY is a mixture of New England, Pittsburg, the Wild West, the Deep South, and the resort atmosphere of California. New Jersey was colonized by English and New England Puritan dissenters back in the seventeenth century. These unfortunate people fled their own pleasant countryside. They were

stubborn people who were willing if necessary to accept a fate worse than death rather than forego their principles. So it was that when they arrived in New Jersey for the first time they must have viewed it with the peculiar delight of the masochist. It was home to them; it was freedom from the oppression of progressive ideas. Here they found peace of mind. They were safely apart from all intellectual influences. They need never fear the compulsion of having to think for themselves. Already they were well on the way to being bogmen.

They concentrated on founding communities in the bog. It pleased them very much being forced to earn their living, as the Bible advised, by the sweat of their brows. They said to themselves: "Let's ignore the fact that we are in a wilderness; let's give the communities good English names like Sussex, Somerset, Monmouth; let's pretend we are back in England." Having established these lies in their minds they put all their energies into the struggle to survive. This was the basis of New Jersey.

After a hundred or more years they waded inland and discovered districts that were fertile; very shortly many of the colonists were rich. They established a university, Princeton, on the edge of the bog. England had a university so why not New Jersey? They might not know what to do with education but they at

least were going to have the machinery at hand in case of an emergency. Wealth, like power, corrupts, and because their religion taught them that there were but two states to be in, Grace or Sin, many communities for the sake of variety leaned toward sin. In this they were not too successful; to be a great sinner demands imagination and the imagination of these colonists had been blunted over the years by their Puritan upbringing. As a result, New Jersey could never develop the flamboyant sin of, say, Chicago.

THE FOUNDING of Atlantic City exemplifies the New Jersey attitude toward middle-class sin — bog-man's sin. Before 1850 Atlantic City was a marshy island to which, then as now, thieves fled. There were frequent shipwrecks in the area and the thieves made a good living by robbing the ships. A Puritan congregation moved in, built a church, and attempted to guide the thieves on the path of righteousness. But the thieves moved over to the neighboring promontories of Barnegat and Brigantine Beach. They were living so well off the loot from shipwrecks that the Puritan community at Atlantic City began to discuss whether it was moral to allow the loot to go to the sons of iniquity, while they themselves, the sons of righteousness, were almost starving to death. After all, perhaps it was God's will that these ships were wrecked close

to them so that the pious should not starve. So on the excuse that God provides for his own, they posted a lookout in the church steeple to watch for foundering ships and to beat their neighbors to the loot. One half of the community prayed, while the other half plundered the ship.

Almost overnight Atlantic City became wealthy and a city of middle-class sin. Their conscience dictated that they retain their religion as well as the loot. So it is that even at the present day religion is for them a sort of union card to be used in closing a shady business deal or to fall back on in case of an argument. But try how they may they cannot sin in a big way. It is because they are the most sincere kind of Puritan that they allow burlesque shows; they cannot release their own emotion in the ordinary course of living and so they have recourse to the professionally obscene show. Only a Puritan can be entertained by burlesque because such a form of obscenity depends for its effect on the sense of shock and daring it excites in its audience.

The industrial revolution in the middle of the nineteenth century and an influx of industrious German and Irish immigrants brought more wealth to the state. It also formed the basis of the present-day mob of commuters. The penal laws against swearing, drunkenness, and fornication were gradually relaxed or al-

lowed to fall into abeyance. Children under sixteen who smote their parents were no longer in danger of the death penalty. New Jersey was well on the way to being what it is today, a Puritan state with lax moral standards. Just as in the early days of Atlantic City when some prayed while the others thieved, so today there are many towns in New Jersey that are strictly religious while others have no religion at all. Ocean Grove is dedicated by its charter "to provide a resort for religious worship, rest and recreation, free from all forms of questionable amusement." Ocean City even today is strictly a "dry" city and a stronghold against Catholics and Jews. The Know-Nothing movement has not completely disappeared.

IT WAS REALLY the Prohibition Era that made America conscious of the peculiar moral values of New Jersey. It was also the Prohibition law that made many of New Jersey's Puritan citizens very wealthy. New Jersey was the ideal center for the manufacture of illicit whiskey. Not only was it situated between the two great consuming centers of New York and Philadelphia, but the very area itself contributed to the manufacture of the spirits. There was plenty of water around to ferment the grain, plenty of odors around to confuse the Volstead agent, and plenty of good New Jersey citizens willing to help at the still for six days

a week and pray for the drunkards on the seventh. When the Prohibition Era came to an end, there was in existence a highly efficient underworld system of communication built up in New Jersey. It was ready-made for out-of-state gangsters so they moved quickly in and took over the system, not as might be thought to promote their profession directly, but rather to be utilized as a hideaway when the "heat" was on. So it is that almost every criminal when pursued tries to get to New Jersey. Once there he knows that he is safe. Another attraction for gangsters is the high ridge of ground that runs along the edge of the bog nearest New York and overlooking the Hudson River. Like the sea robbers of old, modern gangsters like to live on high promontories overlooking the sea. New Jersey has many such dwellings, all inhabited.

I took a trip down to Trenton, the state capital, to see if I could meet Governor Driscoll, and failing that to have a look at New Jersey from the official center. It was a fast train, stopping only at Newark and Princeton Junction. At this latter station a number of professorial-looking gentlemen got off. They carried brief cases and you knew immediately from the set of their heads that they were men of learning. One of these modern sages cleared his throat and spat out, hitting the side of the train by accident. He then cleaned his lips with a dazzling white

handkerchief, patting it against his mouth with care.

I took a taxi at Trenton station. The taxidriver was talkative. The conversation turned to Ireland and he was delighted with the opportunity of displaying his knowledge of foreign parts. "A friend of mind, Caulfield, who works up in the baggage room, was over in Ireland during the war and he told me that the Irish sleep with pigs." I did not reply, but my mind drifted away from the conversation to a verse by Yeats:

*Now all the truth is out,
Be secret and take defeat
From any brazen throat,
For how can you compete,
Being honour bred, with one
Who, were it proved he lies,
Were neither shamed in his own
Nor in his neighbours' eyes?
Bred to a harder thing
Than Triumph, turn away
And like a laughing string
Whereon mad fingers play
Amid a place of stone,
Be secret and exult,
Because of all things known
That is most difficult.*

I was again listening to the taxi driver. "Yes," he was saying, "anyone can make a buck in this country even if he has to search the garbage cans. Greatest country in the world."

The Governor wasn't in. He was away on vacation, one of the office girls told me. "Does he ever come in?" I asked. I was assured that the

Governor, when not on vacation, comes into his office six days a week and that he works very hard. I began to muse on that statement. What kind of man would wish to be Governor or King if he were compelled to work six days a week? His assistant wasn't in either. The man to see, I was assured, was Mr. Milmed, counsel and acting secretary to the Governor. But Mr. Milmed, when I visited his ante-room, was busy with matters of state. I peeped into his room and sure enough he was on the phone talking away, with his feet up on the desk. I could see that his shoes were well soled. He has a rather thin foot. Not being able to see the Governor I thought I might get an idea of the man from reading his Budget Report. It seems that he belongs to the Puritan tradition and has a deep affection for the seventeenth century. He quotes an economist of that century named Colbert, but as it happened it was a rather poor quotation: "The art of taxation consists in so plucking the goose as to obtain the largest amount of feathers with the least possible amount of hissing." How the Governor must have delighted in confounding his audience with such a learned quotation. The Governor is clearly a humanitarian because he allocates thirty per cent of the state's operating budget to the Department of Institutions and Agencies. This Department operates three mental hospitals, nine correc-

tional institutions, four institutions for the feeble-minded, and five other specialized institutions. It is said that there is no Irish in the Governor despite his name.

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL I went to the New Jersey Council, which specializes in propaganda for the state. None of the three pretty girls there could give me one sound reason why anyone should come to live in New Jersey, but if I called back on Monday Miss Brophy could tell me all. Better still, I could write to Miss Brophy and submit my questions to her.

I strolled around Trenton: a quiet little town though not a bit impressive. I conversed with some of the natives. Each person I spoke to hastened to point out a house in which George Washington slept. There is a museum in the town amusingly enough devoted almost ex-

clusively to Neanderthal and every kind of bogman. So I left Trenton and came back to New York by way of Hoboken.

New Jersey has produced many well-known men including Woodrow Wilson, the man who made the world safe for democracy. But most representative of all New Jersey's native sons is Joyce Kilmer, who wrote that exemplary piece of bog verse, *Trees*.

I have since learned that there are parts of New Jersey totally unknown to me. That there is a beautiful lake district in western New Jersey, that southern New Jersey is not only very beautiful but is also very fertile, and rivals any part of the United States. That may very well be, but it could not have touched my imagination or I should have been led there. For me, the heart of New Jersey is to be found only in that expansive bog stretching south from New York.

Victor Black

THE FLYING SAUCER HOAX

IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, there is one time-tested way to make a fast buck — you start a new religion. The near-legendary discoverer of this profitable truth was Aimee Semple MacPherson, who worked up sex, sin, and salvation into a multimillion dollar business.

A glance at the religious advertisements in the Los Angeles *Times* of Saturday, July 19, 1952, reveals such diverse items as Dr. Frederick Bailes expounding religious mesmerism at the Science of Mind Church; the Rev. Watson Argue of Angelus Temple holding forth on "Love, Courtship, and Successful Marriage"; Yogananda, the Hollywood transcendentalist, exhorting his misty-eyed followers to navel hypnosis, hair shirts, and grain for India at the Self Realization Church; and

Victor Black, who contributed "Can We Beat the Red Luftwaffe?" to the September *MERCURY*, is a writer for the Douglas Aircraft Company in Santa Monica, Cal.

the Rev. John Beckett of the Church of the Creative Mind upholding "Love Unlimited!" Dozens of other announcements offer Huxlian theosophy, spiritualism, big-tent revivals, neo-Comtian technocracy, the Science of Mentalphysics, etc., etc. Salvation in Southern California is as unproblematic as the climate.

One of the newest arrivals on the scene is Ed J. Sullivan with his religio-scientific Cult of the Saucer. Sullivan began inauspiciously as a journalism student at the University of Oregon, then held down a variety of jobs such as newspaper salesman, gold miner, dock worker, seaman, insurance salesman, real-estate broker, and inventor. He hit upon his present bonanza while employed as a technical writer at North American Aviation in Los Angeles. The roving "newspaper bum," always looking "for an angle," always searching for a get-rich-quick scheme, has, as his charming wife puts it while looking admir-

ingly up at her husband's smiling Irish countenance, "finally arrived!" But the number and enthusiasm of the converts to Saucerism has been a revelation even to Ed J. Sullivan. Sauceritis has spread like a prairie fire across the nation, inspiring hundreds of articles in magazines ranging from *Harper's* to *Look*, radio and television round-table discussions, and a syndicated comic strip. The saucer infatuation has caused close friends to become sworn enemies; families to break up; and usually cool-headed men of science to go off half cocked.

Sauceritis is closely allied to the science-fiction craze that has swept America since the end of World War II. Public interest had been stimulated enormously by the war-time developments of Nazi Germany in rocket and jet power, and further aroused by current research in guided missiles and atomic propulsion. But Sullivan boldly elevated this fad out of its rightful sphere in *Amazing Stories* and made it into a religion, complete with dogma, an autocratic priesthood, and ritual.

THE SAUCER was first revealed to Sullivan when he gazed skyward and saw, as *Life* magazine and *Reader's Digest* relate, "approximately 30 glowing, meteorlike objects sprayed out of the east at a point about 45° across the horizon." These "executed a right-angle turn and swept across the sky in an undu-

lating vertical formation . . . that resembled a tuning fork on edge. It took each of them about 25 seconds to cross 90° of the horizon before performing another right-angle turn westward toward downtown Los Angeles. . . . We estimated their diameter at 30 feet and their speed to be 1,700 mph. Each appeared as an intense electric blue light, round and without length. They moved with the motion of flat stones skipping across a smooth pond."

This appearance on high was supposed to have had three witnesses, according to *Life* and *Reader's Digest*: "Victor Black [the author of this article, with whom *Life* did not verify the story], Werner Eichler, and Ed J. Sullivan . . . three technical writers for the aerophysics department of North American Aviation's plant at Downey, outside Los Angeles."

Life's Robert Ginna had this to say about the occurrence: "No known material or optical phenomenon makes the peculiar light, in bright day, attributed to these objects by Sullivan and his colleagues, nor can any natural object, hurtling at such a speed, execute a right-angle turn. . . . Finally, of course, no known machine travels at 1,700 mph without making a sound or leaving an exhaust or vapor trail."

This evaluation was supposed to place the saucers once and for all in the realm of the supernatural. Now it is true that no known material or

optical phenomenon or machine can do any of these things. But there is no cause for wonder here because if Ed J. Sullivan saw anything more than a blue summer sky, with a few billowing clouds on the horizon, he was the only one that saw it.

Almost immediately after his alleged seeing of saucers, Sullivan contacted a Hollywood press agent and also a movie columnist for the Los Angeles *Mirror* — both avowed saucerites. These three men made such a fanfare that *Time's* Hollywood office got interested and the magazine ran a story. Now Sullivan began to work with a frenzy. His dream was within sight. First, he allied himself with an ex-Nazi engineer working at North American named Dr. Walther Reidel, at one time employed at Hitler's big rocket station on Peenemünde. Then Sullivan turned to an old friend he had known in Santa Fe, Lincoln La Paz, a physics professor and self-styled astral expert at the University of New Mexico. These two men furnished Sullivan with a scientific backing — something he himself completely lacked. Sullivan then rented a post-office box in Los Angeles. He was now set up for business, and with the free advertising in *Time*, *Life*, *Reader's Digest*, and radio and television shows, got an immediate response. He had, in fact, struck gold. Letters by the hundreds arrived, begging information on the illusive saucer. He promptly organ-

ized a society entitled "Civilian Saucer Investigations," set himself up as president, and began publishing a *Quarterly* at an annual subscription rate of two dollars. The dollars poured in. Ed J. Sullivan, with his prematurely silvered hair, fine clipped mustache, and preference for light gabardine suits, black shirts, and brilliant yellow-and-red ties, had truly "finally arrived!" The triumvirate of Sullivan-Reidel-La Paz had taken a chunk of blue sky, a little whole cloth, and out of these unlikely ingredients worked up a new religion.

THE DIVINITY of this religion is, of course, the omnipotent (and perhaps malevolent) saucer, as described and interpreted by its three high priests. The dogma is still in the formative stage, with doctrine being dispensed regularly in the *CSI Quarterly*, the Cult's official organ. Absolute obedience is mandatory; doubters are excommunicated with all the ruthlessness of a Pope Gregory. The "preferred reading list" is composed almost entirely of science fiction.

Like any self-respecting religion, the Cult of the Saucer has its "mysteries." One of the most interesting of these is how Sullivan and Sullivan alone could have seen a large flight of saucers swooping in broad daylight over downtown Los Angeles. Los Angeles and its environs contain several million in-

habitants. Surely they weren't all having an afternoon siesta! Sullivan's explanation of this is somewhat vague, and he blithely likens his saucer revelation "to the vision of Paul on the road to Damascus!"

The saucerites, many of whom are otherwise critical-minded and responsible people, represent a strange aberration. They believe in the existence of other-worldly saucers with a blind allegiance — although the great majority confess to having never actually seen one. With religious fervor, they embrace and defend the Cult of the Saucer.

At regular intervals, Air Force Intelligence officers interview Sullivan, coming as pilgrims to an oracle. The Air Force has been compelled by public pressure to spend hundreds of thousands of taxpayers' dollars on a Saucer Project. General Vandenberg, Air Force Chief of Staff and one who should know better, recently stated: "The Air Force is interested in . . . flying saucers. Many of the incidents have been satisfactorily explained. Others have not. With the present world unrest, we cannot afford to be complacent."

BUT JUST WHAT ARE these so-called flying saucers? We can be confident that Ed J. Sullivan doesn't know, and doesn't want to know. Any really scientific explanation would expose the nonsensicalness of his cult. The Air Force issued

a "Psychological Analysis of Reports of Unidentified Aerial Objects" made over the past five years, and classified these objects as follows: reflected sunlight on or reflected lights from aircraft; migratory flights of birds; box kites flown by the kid next door; Venus, the brightest of all planets; fireflies; weather balloons; fireballs, egg- or pear-shaped lightning patterns; parachute and pistol flares; meteors; comets; flying saucers (?). After interviewing several of the world's leading aerophysicists at the California Institute of Technology, I found the consensus of their opinions to be this:

1. Flying saucers are no more mysterious than the zodiacal light (northern lights) seen in the northwestern states after nightfall in the early spring months, and in the northeastern states before dawn in the autumn months. They are nothing more nor less than rotating electrical fields of fine particles of cosmic dust speeding through the earth's atmosphere. This electrical rotating field can be compared with the little whirlwinds we see in the street from time to time, which are also composed of electrical particles rotating at high speed; they pick up dust particles and increase in size and speed for several hundred feet, and then suddenly disappear, having spent their energy and failed to encounter other favorable air currents to keep them going.

2. The earth, hurtling through

space, is constantly passing through electrically charged fields of meteoric dust or cosmic debris. Some of these particles are invisible to the naked eye, some are as large as a grain of sand, and there are still others of enormous size. Owing to their tremendous speed, these particles, usually burn themselves up before reaching the earth; but in rare instances they are not completely disintegrated. The electrically charged particles of cosmic dust are attracted to each other, forming larger bodies which cut the lines of force around the earth and, like an electric motor, result in what is called a rotating field; under the right conditions, this rotating field can develop a tremendous force.

The electro-magnetic rotating fields are in constant motion in the earth's atmosphere, and, like the little whirlwind in the street, suddenly pick up speed and streak across the sky until their energy is dissipated. When the day is bright and the sun's rays fall at a certain angle — atmospheric conditions frequently obtaining in the southwestern part of the United States, in which the vast majority of saucer reports have originated — light passing through these small electrically charged particles is refracted and broken up, as under a spectroscope, into colors visible to the naked eye. In much the same way the rays of the sun, when they pass through small raindrops, result in a rainbow.

These rotating electrical fields can, like a hurricane, pick up other electrically charged particles and become more concentrated, building up an electrical whirlpool of tremendous rotating force. Should an airplane enter one of these highly charged rotating fields, it would smash to bits just as if it had entered the epicenter of a tornado. It is possible that the United States Air Force fighter plane which chased a "flying saucer" 20,000 feet up into the air some years back, was either smashed by the force of such a rotating field or crashed because the pilot was overcome by lack of oxygen. *True Magazine*, in one of the earliest articles published on the flying saucers, and Ed J. Sullivan attribute a certain malevolent quality to flying saucers because of this incident.

3. These astral whirlpools usually dissipate their energy without causing any disturbance or destruction. But they are capable of building up a highly concentrated field of charged atoms; and then, gathering velocity, they develop a tremendous heat which could touch off a chain reaction resulting in a type of atomic explosion. Normally, this atomic detonation would take place high up in the earth's atmosphere, as recently occurred over Seattle during the early morning hours. This explosion was felt over an area of one hundred miles and emitted a weird yellowish-blue light similar to that seen in recent atomic tests in

Nevada. Such an explosion, however, could also take place at a height of a mile or so above the earth, in which event Seattle would have been destroyed. There is reason to believe that such destructive detonations might have taken place centuries ago.

THE SO-CALLED "FLYING SAUCERS" are, in reality, as old as the earth itself; reports of just such phenomena go back to the beginnings of recorded history. They are not peculiar to our time; they are not "malevolent"; they are not divine. And they are

not what Ed J. Sullivan saw on that memorable day as he gazed heavenward. A more accurate name for these astral phenomena would be electrical whirlpools. But so sober and scientific a term would be promptly spurned by Sullivan and Co. It would take away the mystery and supernaturalism of the Cult of the Saucer, and, most important, cut off the flow of dollars so essential to its continued existence.

"Anyway," says Mrs. Sullivan, her eyes lighting up with excitement, "we can afford a Cadillac now, whereas before we couldn't!"

Notes on Politics

» Persuasion is the resource of the feeble, and the feeble can seldom persuade.

GIBBON'S, *DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE*

» Consistency has never been a mark of stupidity. If the diplomats who have mishandled our relations with Russia were merely stupid, they would occasionally make a mistake in our favor.

JAMES FORRESTAL

» We have given you a Republic — if you can keep it.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

» If this nation is ever destroyed, it will be from within, not from without.

LINCOLN

» The penalty good men pay for indifference to public affairs is to be ruled by evil men.

PLATO

Letter from Peru:

THE THRIVING BARRACK SQUARE

Peter Schmid

LIMA IS AN ODD PLACE. Getting ready to go there, you looked at the map and thought: "Tropical clothes — it's only a short distance from the Equator." And then it turns out to be a cold and clammy place, the opposite of tropical. I got a buzzing in my ears, sore throat, and rheumatic twinges, and read with almost a feeling of envy that people in Europe were dying of the heat. Nylon shirts that usually dry in one night here are everlastingly dank. Wrap yourself up in as many blankets as you please, the wet winter air of Lima still manages to strike to your bones. Somebody told me a very plausible fable about the Indians recommending the place to the conquistadors as a particularly suitable site for a city, with the secret

thought that the climate would do the Spaniards in.

"Well," people said, "it's just that you arrived at the wrong time. From December to May we have the most delightful summer weather and blue skies all the time." What makes Lima's summers so pleasant and its winters so nasty is the Humboldt Current, sweeping up with its cold waters from the antarctic. The Ecuadorian coast swelters in a tropical climate, whereas Peru's, because of this antarctic influence, is virtually isolated, meteorologically, from its surroundings. And there is never a drop of rain, so that Lima has a dreadfully unwashed look. In this city roofs don't really serve any purpose and have been converted into chicken roosts. Your first night in Lima you can hardly credit your ears, for the cocks crow at 10, midnight, 3 A.M., and whenever they feel like it — the street lamps must have addled their instincts.

Peter Schmid, whose "Letter from Colombia" appeared in our September issue, is a roving Swiss correspondent and a frequent contributor to the MERCURY.

Lima's atmosphere lacks any feeling of friendliness. It has nothing of Bogotá's intellectuality, Quito's timeless charm, or La Paz's airy spaciousness. Perhaps it is the six months of fog, without sunshine and without rain, which give this capital its gray and neutral quality. The people, like everything else, are correct and cold. The churches look as unweathered as if they had been built yesterday. An earthquake in 1940 rocked them to their foundations and made a renovation necessary, in the course of which they lost their patina of age.

IN FRONT OF the cathedral a crane was hoisting the equestrian statue of Francisco Pizarro from its pedestal. The figure stared with a vacant imperiousness out over that Plaza de Armas which he himself had built. Thank God, I thought, they are getting rid of that horror. In a side chapel of the cathedral I found Pizarro's mummy, deep yellow in color and wonderfully preserved. Next to it hung the coat of arms that the plebeian conqueror, who had been suckled by a sow, devised for himself. It shows the murder of Atahualpa, the Son of Heaven: in Lima this piece of treachery isn't silently passed over, they openly brag about it. The sound of the stone masons chipping away at the base of Pizarro's statue was audible inside the cathedral. Did it signify the beginning of just such a twilight of the

gods as had set in in Mexico, where Diego Rivera portrays Cortez, on the walls of the national palace, as a syphilitic miscarriage. Was it also part of a process of minimizing the Spanish element in the national character and exalting the Indian?

It was not. Pizarro, indeed, had been displaced, but not demoted. For purely aesthetic reasons it had been decided to move the statue of Lima's founder to a new square near by which had been named after him. In Peru, nobody thinks the Indian heritage is more important than the Spanish. To be sure, in Lima's national museum you find some of the finest treasures of pre-Columbian culture, and the Inca remains are proudly shown off to tourists. But this is not part of a program, it has no political significance. Nor does it imply in any way that the Indians living up in the mountains have any voice in national affairs. Lima thinks of herself as a Spanish city and still venerates its sow-suckled Spanish conqueror. Among the names of Pizarro's companions memorialized in the chapel, figure those of many of the leading families of present-day Peruvian society. Even de la Torre, whose great-grandson, Haya, precipitated the first social upheaval which this feudal land experienced, belonged to this old Spanish elite.

But today Haya de la Torre's part is played out, and the strange prison that he inhabits makes one of the

chief points of interest for the visiting journalist. It is a building on the handsome Avenue Arequipa; around it run ditches, with a few scattered pipes near by to give them the appearance of a sewer project. But instead of workmen, armed police lounge around the place. Inside this moat lives the great Peruvian revolutionary Haya de la Torre. He is not really a prisoner, as the building belongs to the Colombian embassy and he is free to move about inside it. But if he were to set foot outside, his enemy, General Odria, the ruler of Peru, would seize him on the spot. Neither the Colombians nor the Peruvians are keen about anybody visiting him here; nobody wants to strain further the already strained relations between the two countries. Peru and Colombia have quarreled over this case since 1948, when Haya de la Torre, following South American custom, sought sanctuary in the Colombian embassy. The Peruvian government contended that de la Torre was a common criminal who could not claim the right of asylum, a blood-stained murderer who had incited marine troops in the port of Callao to rebellion. But Colombia was unconvinced, and the International Court in The Hague, obviously unfamiliar with the adventurous character of South American politics, disembarassed itself of the case by rendering an ambiguous decision. And so the matter stands.

You wonder whether Haya de la

Torre is still so dangerous today that the Peruvian government dare not rest easy until it has laid him by the heels. There is of course quite a bit of inflammable stuff around which a revolutionary spark might ignite; but the only question is, whether Haya de la Torre is still that spark. His social reform movement, the A.P.R.A. (*Action Popular Revolucionaria Americana*), was one of the most successful that feudal South America has ever known. But its decline was as spectacular as its meteor-like rise. This failure was primarily a moral one, as is almost inevitable in countries utterly lacking in political morality. The revolution ended up in a military dictatorship for the simple reason that it had been betrayed by its leaders almost at the very beginning.

PERU'S ENTIRE HISTORY is marked by a strange fatalistic political passivity. Even its liberation from Spain was not the result of its own efforts, but more or less of a present to it from the Venezuelan Bolivar in the north and the Argentinian San Martin in the south. Though liberated from Spain, at heart Peru remains tied to its former masters. The church, as everywhere in Latin America, constitutes one of the strongest links with Spain; its commanding position in Peru has never been threatened either spiritually or materially. Nor has any movement of land reform raised its head

against the Spanish landowners on their haciendas.

There is a popular romanticism of the past which worships bygone civilizations without discrimination; it is enough that they are ancient to be admired. And so it is that every year thousands of wide-eyed American tourists make a pilgrimage to Cuzco and Machu Picchu, blind to the fact that these walls in their inhuman greatness symbolize a hateful proto-Communist system that becomes no better simply because we call it Incan instead of Stalinist. I don't want to repeat here what W. H. Prescott has set down in such detail in his *Conquest of Peru*. But it is enough to look at the Incan ruins to sense their spirit; it is enough to compare this unimaginative, strictly practical architecture with the almost Grecian beauty which distinguishes the Mayan monuments. These are full of light and laughter, and we immediately feel the creative human individuality which expressed itself with such delight in them. It was this spirit which fed the resistance to Cortez and his followers, while the slaves of the Andes, accustomed only to obey their masters in return for a lifelong security, fell victim to the cheap machinations of a Pizarro.

IT IS THIS same old "slave morality" that you discover today in the Indians of the Andes. Perhaps this inner weakness accounts for their hav-

ing fallen victim to a terrible and well-nigh incurable vice: coca addiction. The first time you meet up with Indians in the mountains you are surprised to notice a swelling in their cheeks, as if they had a toothache. This bulge is a ball of coca leaves which they chew as inveterately as North Americans do gum. The cocaine that seeps into the system causes a momentary elation and you feel refreshed and vigorous. But as with all drugs, the temporary pleasure it affords is paid for by a lasting debility. The coca addict undergoes a slow process of stupefaction and grows more and more apathetic to all the demands of life. In regions where the coca addiction is particularly prevalent — the southern Andean section of Peru, where the annual consumption of four to eight pounds of coca per capita contrasts with a daily food ration of around 767 grams, or something like 2,000 calories — sixty or seventy per cent of the population are illiterate. The vice is difficult to combat because the *Indios* believe that chewing coca does them good. The Indians, whether they are laborers on the big estates or tillers of their own tiny plots, earn so little that hunger drives them to use the hunger-quieting drug. But the loss of appetite that coca chewing causes only leads to greater debility, a greater consumption of coca, and so on in a vicious circle. Thirty to forty per cent of the mountain Indians of

Peru and Bolivia have the coca addict's glassy eyes and brutalized cast of countenance.

A TRIP through southern Peru is perhaps one of the most depressing experiences the world has to offer the traveler. Even the famous market of Pisac, whither tourists flock every Sunday in limousines in search of the picturesque, is only a sorry parody of similar market days in Mexico or Ecuador. There is an air of hopeless degradation about these Indians; tourists looking for a primitive, elemental, and healthy native world find the worst kind of decadence. Many of the Indians have given up even the pretense of doing useful work. Near Abancay I talked to a middle-class farmer who gave me a lively description of his troubles with the Indians. He had begun to raise cattle. But the Indians of the neighborhood, whose sole occupation is thievery, roam about at night in groups of as much as fifty men and steal the herds. Overnight the farmer lost a fortune in livestock. The Indians are quite adept at selling the stolen cattle. When the police pick up a culprit every now and then, he is only too happy to enjoy a spell of the prison's free room and board. After six months or so the thieves are set free, and the whole thing starts all over again. You would either have to kill the Indians or make different people out of them to put an end to it.

Along the Peruvian coast, where water from the mountains irrigates fertile fields, there is an advanced and well-organized white population. But up in the mountains an idle Indian population lives in hopeless misery. It is even doubtful whether material assistance would do them any good. I visited the copper mining town of Cerro de Pasco. The miners used to be the poorest sort of devils, not much better off than their share-cropping compatriots. Today, with the mining companies showing a livelier awareness of their responsibilities to their workers, they earn almost a living wage. But are they any better off? "The more they are paid," said one of the engineers, "the more they drink and gamble. The more the European worker earns, the harder he works, in order to pay the costs of his higher standard of living. But the more the *Indios* make, the more they drink and the less they work. It is a big mistake to bring European or North American standards into this world. The complexion of things here is completely different."

Notwithstanding, there is not a leader of any movement of social reform in Latin America, not excepting Haya de la Torre, who did not get his ideas from the alien outside world. In Moscow, Haya talked with Stalin and Trotsky, and in England he studied at the London School of Economics. When he went into politics in the thirties, the old

oligarchy persecuted him and his movement. But the intellectuals, Europeanized Don Quixotes like himself, cheered him on. His movement even became fashionable; at one time it was the thing to do to become an Aprist socialist. Haya's initial hatred of the "American imperialism," personified in the companies which worked Peru's mines and oil wells, turned into friendship the closer he came to power and responsibility. But he never did in fact come to power. The Aprists like to blame their failure on a swindle at the polls. But this isn't so. By itself, the A.P.R.A. was too weak to win; it had already begun to decay before it stood any real chance of winning. In 1945, the Aprists helped the liberal Bustamente to gain the presidency, as he was too weak to interfere in their own game. Their headquarters resembled a pharaoh's court, with plenty of money about which they got by ruthlessly plundering the local administrations in their control. The socialists knew how to fill their pockets even better than the conservative politicians. All their nice programs of land reform, Indian education, etc., were paper programs only. Demagoguery was the only reality, and Haya de la Torre was a master of demagoguery, a kind of a Hitler who could lead the masses by the nose. The country grew restive and the illiterates and coca addicts began to smell the quickening air of anarchy.

But the Callao rebellion, which was supposed to unleash the storm, misfired, and Bustamente had to make way for his former chief of police, General Odria. Peru, country of that most classical of dictators, Leguia, again came under the heel of a general backed by reactionary landowners. What chance was there for anything good to develop?

ODRIA, however, turned out to be a big surprise. He was not one of those dictators who thinks himself a master of all the complexities of civil government and leads his country from one folly to a greater. On the contrary, he possessed the rare virtues — rare indeed for a general — of modesty and common sense. There were temptations enough, as well as politicians anxious to make their fortunes with him. Perón whistled invitingly from Argentina. But Odria sent his wife on an official visit, and stayed away himself. He took the advice of an American commission which recommended the complete liberalization of Peru's economy. The general listened patiently, and the prosperity of the country was his reward. Nationalization, that catchword of all demagogues, had to make way for another and better principle. Mines require an enormous capital and skilled technicians to keep them operating; under an adventurous nationalistic leadership both these elements would be lacking. So Odria contented himself

with negotiating more favorable contracts with the foreign companies. The International Petroleum Corporation, whose pumps rise and fall like some kind of strange pecking bird in the desert of Talara, turns over half of all its profits to the Peruvian treasury; and the mining corporations for their part have agreed to pay Peru larger export taxes.

Sharing the golden eggs of the foreign goose rather than killing it would seem to be the best solution for colonial countries in a period of national evolution. One could wish that other countries might show some of this same sensibleness. Peru last year came up with a budgetary surplus of 117,000,000 sols instead of its customary deficit. And — miracle upon miracle! — this surplus did not disappear into ministerial pockets, but was used for a good purpose. One of the things that heightened Odria's popularity was his bringing to trial a close political friend who thought that possession of the presidential favor entitled him to go on stealing as usual. Odria's popularity is undisputed, so that the plebiscite which gave him legal title to the presidency one and a half years after his *coup d'état* in some sort represents the voice of popular opinion — even though, of course, no rival was allowed to run against the one and only candidate.

One sure indication of the regime's stability is its tolerance. The A.P.R.A. and the Communist Party are still

outlawed, but there is an unmistakable if faint breath of freedom in the country. The press is not subject to the harsh censorship that prevails in Colombia, on the surface a far more democratic country. If the press of Lima nevertheless seems tame and uninteresting, this is less the result of censorship than of the incapacity of its editors. One of the few publications with any sort of determined policy is an imitation of *Time* magazine called 1952. Its director, Señor Carnero, manages to combine loyalty to Odria with an enthusiasm for Perón and Moscow, and feeds his (unfortunately rather large) public fairy tales about bacteriological warfare in Korea.

IT IS PERHAPS NO surprise, in view of the basically authoritarian character of Peruvian society, that the country should have experienced its few good years under dictators. In the twenties the name of Leguía acquired an almost legendary prestige. He gave the country a highway system that winds dizzily up the icy Andean slopes and down into the deep tropical valleys. Needless to say, his contractors made a nice little profit for themselves, as they were paid by the kilometer and laid the roads out in graceful curves around the mountain sides, as if they were a railroad and not a highway. The ride from historic Ayacucho to Cuzco, which looks like a short trip on the map, becomes a three-day

journey. Nevertheless, the construction of the highway system was an important step in the economic advancement of the country. It also helped to integrate it politically, as the roads have slowly broken down the barriers dividing the coast from the sierra.

Not only in Peru but in Latin America generally, energetic men with no nice regard for popular liberties seem to be able to do more for their country than ideologues talking incessantly about the "liberation" of the masses and realizing the very opposite. This would also seem to be the reason why "democratic" governments time and again are overthrown, as happened in Venezuela and Cuba and will perhaps happen someday soon in Guatemala, too. By their very nature, these "democratic" governments are incapable of surviving, so that a military dictatorship such as Spain's would seem to be the only way out. This is an unpleasant truth, for no right-thinking person likes a military dictatorship, but it is a truth nevertheless. The first condition for a democracy is a people able and willing to support and defend it. This can only be brought about by education and a lifting of living standards. Odría's rule hasn't any such ambitious intentions, but he does continue the work of his predecessors. Daily, school buses transport Indian children from their remote villages to a centrally located school.

Model farms try to teach the Indian farmer some of the techniques of modern farming. Unfortunately, the law protecting the old Indian "ayllus"—a kind of pre-Colombian community farm or collective—from the speculations of the big landowners is just a scrap of paper in many parts of the country; and the encroachment of the big landowners on what little land remains to the Indian smallholder continues.

But it takes a dictatorship a very long time, of course, to transform a subservient mass into a politically responsible citizenry. Meanwhile the injustices creating social unrest continue to exist. It is part of Peru's tragedy, as well as of South America's as a whole, that necessary and commendable reforms cannot be carried out because of the immaturity of the people. (The seeming exception of Mexico only confirms the rule, as feudal exploitation has returned to that country in another form.) Under these circumstances there is always enough social gunpowder around to cause periodic explosions.

ONE OF THE MORE ALARMING recent developments is the migration of the *Indios* down from the sierra. No longer willing to accept their paltry wages, and helpless against the big landowners, the Indians have been moving down out of the mountains into Lima for the past decade. But Lima is principally

an administrative center and has no way of providing work for all these people. So the mobs of unemployed, who live in mud huts without water or sanitary facilities, are slowly building up a belt of filthy slums around the periphery of the city. Hitherto there had been a safe distance between Lima's drawingrooms and the poverty of the sierra. But now the mountain proletariat squats right on the city's doorstep, ready at hand for riot and revolution. The depopulation of the sierra, if it continues, can have serious consequences for the mines that are the chief source of Peru's wealth. Only the *Indios* of the sierra, with their lungs adapted to high altitudes, can work the mines; if they leave, the mining companies will be without a labor force. The experts are pressing for the creation of industries in the sierra whose higher wages would keep the Indians from going down to the coast. The big landowners are already faced by a labor shortage, and must mechanize their farms as fast as possible. The picture is indeed an ironically paradoxical one: huge harvesting machines amid a hungry and morally debased mass of unemployed. Nothing better demonstrates the alarming process of disintegration going forward in Peruvian society.

The second source of unrest is the students. In Cuzco, I was able to meet some of those who recently went on strike against two professors, whom they were able to get the uni-

versity to fire. The university administration claimed that the strike was a political demonstration, but the students emphatically denied this, insisting that professorial ineptitude was the sole reason for their action. The universities are naturally a center of discussion of the problems of the country; the radicalism of the youth is far from being satisfied with the military dictatorship's moderate progressivism. The majority of the students — the student elections made this clear — still espouse the ideas of the outlawed A.P.R.A. Today, a new body of leaders is growing up on the university campuses to supplant the old discredited leaders of the A.P.R.A., who have either fled abroad or been jailed, and it can only be hoped that when their hour strikes they will have learned from the mistakes of the past. But this is looking far into the future.

PERU is a militaristic nation and treats its officer class so well that even the most dissatisfied stick with their general for the sake of the pay. The only man I met in Peru who openly complained about them was a taxi driver. The officers, he said, have grown so insolent that they refuse to pay the customary fare. So the taxi drivers' answer is to boycott them. The police are favored as much as the officers and carry things with a very high hand. Peru, indeed, has something of the atmosphere of

a barrack square. But, paradoxically enough, it is a relatively thriving barrack square. The new discipline working in the country has led to an economic revival that, apart from Mexico's, has no parallel in Latin America. Foreign countries are investing hundreds of millions of dollars in Peru, which yield them a modest but certain return, with little danger of strikes or revolution. And

the people's rights are not thereby reduced; on the contrary, Peru will probably achieve by evolution what the A.P.R.A. failed to achieve by revolution. Industrial development and prosperity in the long run will eliminate the remnants of feudalism. In Peru, capitalism will prove to be a more revolutionary and effective agency of social transformation than a chimerical socialism.

The Spirit of Despotism

» The government of the Incas, however arbitrary in form, was in its spirit truly patriarchal.

Yet in this there was nothing cheering to the dignity of human nature. What the people had was conceded as a boon, not as a right. When a nation was brought under the sceptre of the Incas, it resigned every personal right, even the rights dearest to humanity. Under this extraordinary polity, a people advanced in many of the social refinements, well-skilled in manufactures and agriculture, were unacquainted, as we have seen, with money. They had nothing that deserved to be called property. They could follow no craft, could engage in no labor, no amusement, but such as was specially provided by law. They could not change their residence or their dress without a license from the government. They could not even exercise the freedom which is conceded to the most abject in other countries — that of selecting their own wives. The imperative spirit of despotism would not allow them to be happy or miserable in any way but that established by law. The power of free agency — the inestimable and inborn right of every human being — was annihilated in Peru.

W. H. PRESCOTT, *in* A HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU, 1844.

Morton Clurman

Attempting Everest

The Men and the Mountain

FORCED by an icy, one-hundred-mile-an-hour gale to give up the struggle at an altitude of 27,235 feet, Captain Geoffrey Bruce of His Majesty's 6th Gurkha Rifles looked up to Everest's summit, less than 2,000 feet above him, and said, "Just you wait, old thing, we will get you yet."

The man, the sentiment, and the setting were pure Kipling; life, once again, had imitated art. The incident, occurring during the 1922 expedition to Everest that ended with the death of seven porters in a disastrous avalanche, tells us something about the nature of mountain climbers.

Beginning in 1921, there have been eleven expeditions to Everest, four of them simply reconnaissance,

Mountain climbing is not only a sport, but a passion and a philosophy, with its own ethics and aesthetics. Here Morton Clurman, who contributed "Terrors of Space Travel" to the August MERCURY, tells us about the true passion that sends men scrambling up the roof of the world.

and the other seven serious attempts to reach the summit. Of these, all but the Swiss expedition last spring and the combined British-American reconnaissance in 1950 have been exclusively British. The Swiss, who on May 28, 1952, reached the record altitude of 28,210 feet, about 900 feet from the accepted summit figure of 29,141, will be back for another try this fall, and their expedition is already on its way. Everest has never before been attempted except in the late spring, and most British experts believe that a successful climb at any other season is impossible.

The British should know. They have been doggedly climbing and dying on Everest for more than thirty years, and the end is not yet in sight. Next spring another English expedition, under the leadership of Eric Shipton, a veteran of five Everest ventures, will make a new attempt to reach the top of the world's highest peak.

Either by chance, or because spe-

cial situations seem to discover special men, the Englishmen who have chosen to struggle against Everest have been a most remarkable group. And happily for the rest of us whose climbing is confined to an occasional flight of stairs, England's Everesters are an articulate and literary lot.

Of all the Everesters, George Leigh-Mallory is certainly the most famous, and, in the opinion of his fellow-climbers, the outstanding mountaineer of history. He was a leading member of the 1921, 1922, and 1924 expeditions. At about noon on June 24, 1924, he and his companion, the twenty-two-year-old Oxford undergraduate, Andrew Irvine, were seen to climb into the mists only 800 feet from Everest's peak. They were never seen again, and to this day it is a question how they died and whether they reached the summit.

Mallory was thirty-seven years old at his death. Like many other Everesters, he was a graduate of Cambridge and a lecturer in history at that university. No one has described Mallory better than his friend and fellow-Everester, Lieutenant Colonel E. F. Norton. He is worth quoting at length:

"Mallory's was no common personality. Physically he always seemed to me the beau ideal of the mountaineer. . . . But it was the spirit of the man that made him the great mountaineer he was: a fire burnt in him and caused his willing spirit to rise superior to the weakness of the

flesh; he lived on his nerves, and throughout two campaigns on Mt. Everest (I never climbed with him elsewhere) it was almost impossible to make out whether he was a tired man or not, for he responded instantly to every call that was made on him. . . .

"Such was Mallory the mountaineer; but there was another and quite different Mallory, whom we knew in the mess tent and at times when there was no call for action. This aspect of him was curiously at variance with the other; it showed us a nature aesthetic and gentle, combined with a keen and cultured intelligence; though here, too, a flash of the same impatience with which he urged on our flagging footsteps on the mountain would sometimes break out in our arguments and discussions; for his views were always clear-cut and decided and his nature masterful."

MOUNTAINEERING is a sport, and, like all sports, has its rules. This code must not be broken or the whole venture becomes worthless. The trick is not simply to climb Everest, but to climb it as mountaineers should. In Mallory's own words: "It might be possible for two men to struggle somehow to the summit, disregarding every other consideration. It is a different matter to climb the mountain as mountaineers would have it climbed. *Principle must be respected.* . . ."

Unnecessary risks are not to be taken, for climbing is a test of foresight, skill, and endurance — not daredevilry. So, “the party must keep a margin of safety. It is not to be a mad enterprise rashly pushed on regardless of danger. The ill-considered acceptance of any and every risk has no part in the essence of persevering courage.”

Mountaineering is a sport, but the attack on Everest has many of the qualities of a military venture. It is a problem in strategy, tactics, logistics. As in war, manpower, morale, equipment, and organization are the key factors. The climbers must be picked men. They must be able to work well together, and also with the native porters; the porters, not the climbers, will carry most of the equipment as high up the mountain as possible, for the climbers must be rested for the lung-tearing final assault. Smaller and smaller parties push up the mountainside, establishing successive camps in leap-frog fashion. Finally, the two or four men chosen for the summit attempt, plus two or three porters, set up the highest camp at a point more than 27,000 feet high. The porters then quickly go back down to a lower camp, for men cannot live long at such a height. The summit men then spend a shivering, miserable night in their tent, praying for favorable weather next morning. If the weather is bad, they return (if they can), because physical dete-

rioration is very rapid and a second night above 27,000 feet can mean death. So, in the end, success or failure of any expedition depends on the weather.

The Everesters, themselves, know well the role of imponderables in this whole venture. Mallory sums it up: “The climbers must have, above all things, if they are to win through, good fortune and the greatest good fortune of all for mountaineers, some constant spirit of kindness in Mt. Everest itself, the forgetfulness for long enough of its more cruel moods; for we must remember that the highest of mountains is capable of severity, a severity so awful and so fatal that the wiser sort of men do well to think and tremble even on the threshold of their high endeavor.”

Yet there is an aesthetic aspect to the onslaught on Everest. All of the men feel it, appreciate it, and many of them express it. They are perhaps there for what are at bottom aesthetic reasons. Mallory describes his first sight of Everest in these terms: “There was no mistaking the two great peaks in the west: that to the left must be Makalu, grey, severe and yet distinctly graceful, and the other away to the right — who could doubt its identity? It was a prodigious white fang excrescent from the jaw of the world. . . . There is no complication for the eye. The highest of the world’s great mountains, it seems, has to make but a single gesture of magnificence to be

lord of all, vast in unchallenged and isolated supremacy. . . .”

THE LONG, three-hundred-mile trek from Darjeeling north to Tibet and then south again through the foothills of the Himalayas to the valley of Everest's north face is over. Base camp is established at 16,500 feet; roundabout tower the world's highest peaks. From here on, all portage up the mountain is done by the Sherpas, a remarkable tribe of native Nepalese. All their lives the Sherpas have lived high up in the mountains, carrying enormous loads. At 16,000 feet they carry fifty- and sixty-pound packs. At 25,000 feet, a height at which many of the hardest white men can barely move, they carry twenty-five-pound packs. They laugh easily, fight easily, and face hardship and death with unbelievable cheerfulness. The English climbers consider them childlike and irresponsible — subject to unpredictable moods. They, on the other hand, consider the English somewhat mad. Having no desire to climb Everest or any other mountain (if they wanted to they probably could climb it with a lot less trouble than the Europeans), the Sherpas regard the climbers with good-natured tolerance. When they first see the English tanks of oxygen they laugh heartily and say. “The air in our country, sir, is quite good. Why then do you bring bottled air from England?” But at the higher alti-

tudes, when they are all gasping for breath, the English give them some oxygen to revive them and quiet their heaving hearts. Later, the Sherpas come back and say, “Sir, I — little sick today — please, sir — I want a little English air.”

Day after day, the Sherpas and their “Sahibs” toil up the slope of Everest. At night, huddled in their tiny tents, the party of Englishmen discuss politics and literature. The others twit Mallory on what they consider his “advanced” social and political views. He replies with some heat.

The talk switches to poetry. “We all agreed,” writes Mallory, “that ‘Kubla Khan’ was a good sort of poem. Irvine was rather poetry-shy, but seemed to be favorably impressed by the epitaph to Gray’s ‘Elegy.’ Odell was much inclined to be interested and liked the last lines of ‘Prometheus Unbound.’ Somervell, who knows quite a lot of English literature, had never read a poem of Emily Brontë’s, and was happily introduced — and suddenly, hot soup arrived.”

Mallory had brought two books along — an anthology of poetry by Robert Bridges and a Shakespeare. “It was interesting,” he writes, “to test the choice made in answer to the old question, ‘What book would you take on a desert island?’ though in this case . . . the situation demanded rather lighter literature than prolonged edification might require

on the island. The trouble with lighter literature is that it weighs heavier because more has to be provided. Neither of my books would be to everyone's taste in a camp at 21,000 feet but the 'Spirit of Man' read aloud now by one of us, and now by the other suggested matters undreamt of in the philosophy of Mt. Everest, and enabled us to spend an evening rather agreeably. On another occasion I had the good fortune to open my Shakespeare at the very place where Hamlet addresses the ghost, 'Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us,' I began, and the theme was so congenial that we stumbled on enthusiastically, reading the parts in turn through half the play."

BUT DURING most of the time it is Mallory the mountaineer, the man of catlike quickness and poise, of almost superhuman endurance, who holds the stage. Five men are roped together, with Mallory in the lead and Somervell last. Somervell tells the story: "I was going last, and Mallory first, at a place where we had to cross the steep head of a long, wide couloir [gully] which swept down to the foot of the mountain, 3,000 feet below us. The man in front of me slipped at a time when I was just moving, myself, and I, too, was jerked out of my steps. Both of us began sliding at increasing speed down the icy couloir. The second man checked our progress for a mo-

ment, but could not hold us. He, too, was dragged off his feet. But Mallory had had just enough time to prepare for a pull on the rope, digging his ax firmly into the hard snow. It held, and so did the rope, and the party was saved."

He faces danger with British phlegm that is almost a burlesque of itself. Here is his description of the avalanche which took the lives of seven Sherpas. He, Crawford, and Somervell were escorting fourteen porters up the mountain. "The scene was suddenly disturbed. We were startled by an ominous sound, sharp, arresting, violent, and yet somehow soft like an explosion of untamped gunpowder. I had never before on a mountainside heard such a sound; but all of us, I imagine, knew instinctively what it meant, as though we had been accustomed to hear it every day of our lives. In a moment I observed the surface of the snow broken and puckered where it had been even for a few yards to the right of me. And then I began to move slowly downwards, inevitably carried on the whole moving surface by a force I was utterly powerless to resist. . . . For a second or two, I seemed hardly to be in danger and I went quietly sliding down with the snow. Then the rope at my waist tightened and held me back. A wave of snow came over me and I was buried. I supposed that the matter was settled. . . ."

But the "matter" wasn't "set-

tled"; Mallory managed to dig himself, and most of the others, out.

THE AVALANCHE and the death of the seven Sherpas ends the 1922 expedition. Many of the old group, however, plus several newcomers, are back for another try in 1924. Again they struggle up the slopes. At 23,000 feet Camp IV is established and Mallory and Geofrey Bruce are chosen by Norton, leader of the expedition, for the dash to the summit. They are to make the attempt with oxygen while Norton and Somervell will try it without oxygen. Odell and Irvine are to act as support for the two groups. There is much disagreement, then and now, as to the usefulness of oxygen. Many climbers believe it indispensable for reaching Everest's peak. Others consider it heavy, cumbersome, and unnecessary, and seem to derive little benefit from it. Still others, conceding it to be a help, think its use unsporting. Oxygen or no oxygen — the issue divides Everesters into two camps.

Mallory himself is relatively neutral. He is overjoyed at being chosen for the summit try, but would prefer to attempt it without oxygen. Nevertheless, one can't have everything. He writes to his wife on the evening before the assault: "The whole difficulty of fitting people in so that they take a part in the assault according to their desire or ambition is so great that I can't feel distressed

about the part that falls to me. The gasless party has the better adventure, and as it has always been my pet plan to climb the mountain gasless with two camps above the Chang La it is naturally a bit disappointing that I shall be with the other party. Still, the conquest of the mountain is the great thing and the whole plan is mine and my part will be a sufficiently interesting one and will give me, perhaps, the best chance of all of getting to the top. It is almost unthinkable with this plan that I shan't get to the top; I can't see myself coming down defeated. And I have very good hopes that the gasless party will get up; I want all four of us to get there, and I believe it can be done. We shall be starting by moonlight if the morning is calm and should have the mountain climbed if we're lucky before the wind is dangerous."

With Odell, Irvine, and nine porters, Mallory and Bruce set up Camp V at 25,300 feet and spend the night there. The plan is to set up Camp VI the next day at about 27,500 feet, stay overnight, and then go to the top the next morning. Norton and Somervell, meanwhile, have started up the mountain one day behind. However, a fierce freezing night at Camp V, marked by shrieking gales, upsets the whole plan. The porters, battered and exhausted, insist on descending and Mallory and Bruce are forced to go back with them.

But the weather improves. Norton and Somervell meanwhile are on the way up. With four porters, they reach Camp V and spend the night. They have trouble arousing the porters the next morning and inducing them to eat. At this altitude all appetite is lost and you only want to sleep. But going without food and particularly liquids on Everest for any length of time is soon fatal. One must force oneself and others to eat and drink. One porter refuses to climb farther and is sent back. The other three set up Camp VI at 26,800 feet that afternoon and then descend. Norton and Somervell spend a comfortable night. The next morning they begin the climb for the top. Somervell is suffering from a bad, bloody cough and a severe sore throat — typical high altitude symptoms due to lack of oxygen and dehydration of the mucous membranes.

Noon, at about 28,000 feet, Somervell can go no further. He tells Norton to try the last eleven hundred feet alone. Somervell will wait for him.

NORTON SETS OUT. The going is very steep and dangerous for a single unroped climber. He begins to suffer from high altitude weakness and exhaustion. He sees double — a dangerous disorder where a single slip will pitch him down the mountainside. He begins to lose his nerve. At one in the afternoon he is still a

thousand feet from the top. He calculates that he can't make it and return safely to Camp VI before nightfall. And a night spent in the open on Everest is certain death. So Norton turns back at 28,126 feet. He feels no sharp disappointment at the time — only relief. Later, he explains: "I ought to record the bitter feeling of disappointment I should have experienced on having to acknowledge defeat with the summit so close; yet I cannot conscientiously say that I felt it much at the time . . . this I think is a psychological effect of great altitudes. The better qualities of ambition and will to conquer soon dull to nothing, and one turns downhill with but little feelings other than relief that the strain and effort of climbing are finished."

Somervell and Norton return to Camp IV at 23,000 feet, where Mallory, Irvine, and Odell are waiting for them. On the way down, Somervell has a coughing fit which very nearly chokes him.

That night, Mallory, who shares a tent with Norton, explains his plan. Despite his sore throat and cough, and his previous failure with Bruce, he wants to have another go at the summit. This time he will take Irvine; the young Oxford oarsman, a youth of magnificent physique, boundless enthusiasm, and buoyant spirit, has had a short but brilliant career as a climber. Norton agrees with the decision but dis-

agrees with the choice of Irvine as Mallory's partner. He points out that Irvine is suffering from the customary sore throat, that Odell at this point is by far the fittest of all the climbers, and that compared with Odell, Irvine is relatively inexperienced. But Mallory is insistent. The climb, he says, is to be made with oxygen, and Odell has no confidence either in the apparatus or in the gas itself and seems to get no benefit from its use. Irvine, on the other hand, is mechanically apt and can repair the apparatus with a simple pair of pliers. Mallory believes that only a man with confidence in the gadget and an ability to tinker with it at need, should use it. Norton is not convinced, but recognizes Mallory's right to choose his own partner.

The morning of June 6, Mallory and Irvine set out with eight porters for Camp V, at 25,300 feet. Each of them carries two oxygen flasks, food, and some extra clothing, all making up a twenty-five-pound pack. The porters also have twenty-five-pound packs consisting of extra oxygen, bedding, food, and other equipment. That same night four of Mallory's eight porters return from Camp V with a note which says simply, "There is no wind here and things look hopeful."

The morning of the seventh, Mallory and Irvine set out with four porters for Camp VI, at 26,800 feet. The same morning Odell climbs in

support to Camp V with one porter. That night, Mallory's remaining Sherpas return to Camp V with a note. It reads: "Dear Odell: We're awfully sorry to have left things in such a mess — our Unna Cooker rolled down the slope at the last moment. Be sure of getting back to IV tomorrow in time to evacuate before dark, as I hope to. In the tent I must have left a compass — for the Lord's sake rescue it; we are without. To here on ninety atmospheres [this refers to the remaining oxygen pressure in their flasks; a full supply was 120 atmospheres] for the two days — so we'll probably go on two cylinders — but it's a beastly load for climbing. Perfect weather for the job! Yours ever, G. Mallory."

The morning of the eighth is clear and windless. Odell sets out for Camp VI, carrying a rucksack with a few extra supplies. At 12:30 he climbs a crag at 26,000 feet and looks up toward the summit. It is hidden in mist. Suddenly, a breeze rolls the mist away and looking up at the summit ridge, two thousand feet above him, he sees two tiny figures working their way upward. Then the mist rolls in again, and the two figures are lost to sight.

ODELL reached Camp VI later in the day and found that, true to form, Irvine had spent the evening of June 7 tinkering with the oxygen flasks. Spare parts and tools

lay all around. There was no note from Mallory. The next day Odell searched the whole area around Camp VI up to 28,000 feet until wind and snow and exhaustion forced him down. They could not have lived that long, without shelter, in any case.

No one knows the fate of Mallory and his young companion. Did they, as many believe, reach the summit, then lose their way and slip in the descent? Was Mallory the first man privileged to look down from the brilliant clear atmosphere of Everest's summit on the whole marvelous Himalayan range and the golden hills of Tibet. In Somervell's words that sight would be a god's view, and with Mallory's sensibilities it might have been overwhelming indeed. Yet his exaltation must have been tinged with regret. For once, speaking of the unsuccessful 1922 expedition, he had written: "It is true that I did what I could to reach the summit, but now as I look back and see all those wonderful preparations, the great array of boxes collected at Phari Dzong and filling up the courtyard of the bungalow, the train of animals and coolies

carrying our baggage across Tibet . . . when I call to mind the whole begoggled crowd moving with slow determination over the snow and up the mountain slopes and with such remarkable persistence bearing up the formidable loads, when after the lapse I envisaged the whole prodigious evidences of this vast intention, how can I help rejoicing in the yet undimmed splendor, the undiminished glory, the unconquered supremacy of Mt. Everest?"

There must have been humility, too, in that exultation, for Mallory never looked on the mountain as a foe. Anticipating this moment he had written: "Have we vanquished an enemy? None but ourselves. Have we gained success? That word means nothing here . . . to struggle and to understand, never this last without the other; such is the law."

Perhaps the Swiss this fall or Shipton's expedition next spring will reach the summit and there find the answer to the mystery of Mallory and Irvine. But whether they do or not, they will discover, as Mallory did, that "no end is visible or even conceivable to this kingdom of adventure."

IN OUR READERS' OPINION

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRISIS

» The factual errors in the article "Crisis in South Africa" [by Serge Fliegers] in the August issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* are so numerous as to betray the author's superficial knowledge of South Africa to a degree which justifiably permits, in my opinion, any intelligent reader to question the fairness and correctness of the opinions he expressed.

While many of the factual errors which I have pointed out may seem trivial, the sum total of them makes the article, in my opinion, a distorted and unfair picture of a complex problem which, quite obviously, must have another side to it.

The errors and their corrections are as follows:

Page 9 (page 1 of the article):

1. The Durban riots began not in Cato Manor but at a bus stop in the Indian Market and were started by a fight between a Native boy and an Indian.

2. "Zulus and Bantus ran out to meet each other . . ."

Bantu is the generic term covering the Native races of South Africa. Zulus and Bantus, therefore, is an absurdity.

Page 10:

3. ". . . And patiently showed their 'passes' at intersections."

The suggestion here is that Natives are compelled to show their passes at every intersection. The fact is that they are called upon to show their passes whenever a police constable deems it necessary. It does not occur at any specific points.

4. "Blacks have risen in Johannesburg, Cape Town . . ."

There have been no Native riots reported as having occurred in Cape Town.

5. "The full story of these riots never reached the rest of the world. The Government banned Parliamentary discussion of the subject and correspondents were discouraged from covering it in their dispatches."

At no time has Parliamentary discussion of the riots been banned. No machinery exists for doing so but all debates, no matter on what topic, are subject to the normal closure rules. This office has in its files official Parliamentary reports on riot debates. To suggest correspondents were discouraged from covering the riots in their dispatches is manifestly ridiculous. However much individual politicians may assail correspondents for publishing in overseas newspapers accounts which politicians may consider distorted and biased there is nothing in the South African law at present, or contemplated, by which correspondents can be stopped from publishing their versions of what

is occurring. The mere suggestion of press censorship was, as recently as a few weeks ago, assailed and described as unthinkable by *Die Burger*, the principal Government-supporting newspaper in the Union. Proof of the freedom which correspondents have is afforded, for example, by the articles published so frequently by *Time* magazine.

6. "... Africa with its two to four hundred million restless Natives . . ."

The total population of the continent of Africa, all races, is 187,494,000.

Page 11:

7. "These Africans, Indians and Coloureds are classed as non-Europeans by South African whites. They have no right to vote, strike or marry outside their colour caste."

Nothing could be further from the truth. The laws of South Africa state that Europeans may not intermarry with non-Europeans. There is nothing in the laws, however, preventing, for example, an Indian marrying a Native or a Coloured man marrying a Native woman.

8. "The Boers want official acceptance of their language."

Their language, Afrikaans, has been one of the two official languages of the country ever since 1925.

Page 12:

9. "After the Boer War he (Malan) lost his job as Predikant of the Dutch Reformed Church. He then joined the staff of the rabidly anti-British, anti-Semitic newspaper *Die Burger*."

Malan never "lost" his job as Predikant. He is still an ordained Minister

of the Dutch Reformed Church. The Boer War ended in 1902 but Dr. Malan did not join the staff of *Die Burger* until 1915.

10. "Malan on the other hand openly stated in an article published in an American magazine . . ."

No article, written by Dr. Malan, has at any time been published in an American magazine.

11. "The unyielding Malan fought them both, even using shortwave support from the Nazi-run Radio Zeesen. . . ."

The implication here is that Dr. Malan obtained the support of Radio Zeesen in his opposition to the war. This is a complete misrepresentation of the facts. What occurred was that Radio Zeesen, using a propaganda system which it applied to all countries, exploited the statements of anyone who happened to be opposed to the ruling party of any country at war with Germany.

Page 13:

12. "Yet it was a publicity stunt that put Malan on the road to power."

The "publicity stunt" was a solemn, religious and totally non-political National festival commemorating the centenary of the epic "trek" of South African pioneers. It was a national patriotic manifestation in which all sections of the community, without regard to politics, participated.

13. "He wanted Afrikaans to be South Africa's official language. He wanted a special South African flag with the Union Jack played down."

Afrikaans has been South Africa's official language ever since 1925 and

South Africa has had its own national flag ever since 1927.

Page 14:

14. "... Storm troopers, believed to be Skiet Commandos . . ."

Skiet Kommandos form an integral part of the defense forces of the Union of South Africa. They were formed to train people in the rural areas and are subject to the same regulations and discipline as the Active Citizen Force units are in the cities and towns.

Page 15:

15. "He ordered police to enforce the old Immorality Act of 1927."

The Act has always been enforced.

Page 17:

16. "Now Malan used this law (Anti-Communist Act), not against genuine Communists but against his political opponents."

This is completely untrue. The law has not been applied against any single member of a political party opposed to the National Party, with the exception of the Communist Party which the new Act outlawed.

17. "The Torch Commandos have been sending volunteers to Korea."

This is an absurdity. No machinery exists whereby individual volunteers can serve in Korea. South Africa is represented in Korea by a fighter squadron which is part of its Permanent Air Force. It consists of pilots and other crew members whose training takes a great number of years.

18. "Already he has incorporated the huge territory of South West Africa into the Union of South Africa."

All that has been done as far as South West Africa is concerned is

within the express terms of the Mandate granted to the Union by the League of Nations. This Mandate stipulated that the territory of South West Africa should be "administered as an integral part of the Union." This, and nothing more, has been done. The debate in the United Nations is a legal one based on the question of whether the United Nations has inherited the functions of the old League of Nations, or not.

CONRAD NORTON

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

GOVERNMENT INFORMATION OFFICE

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

A REPLY

» Mr. Norton has tried to pick a lot of small holes in an article discussing the large subject of South Africa. It seems to be the usual tactic of Prime Minister Malan's propaganda representatives to find small faults with articles exposing conditions in South Africa, in an attempt to obfuscate the larger issue of South Africa's suicidal orgy of nationalism.

Mr. Norton, Government Information Officer of the Union of South Africa, is more concerned with the question of whether Zulus are Bantus or Bantus are Zulus than with the fact that about eight and a half million of these black people are oppressed by the South African government. They are, in fact, ready to rise against this oppression, as was shown in the riots which I described. Here again, Mr. Norton's carping approach is obvious. He seems not to be disturbed by the fact that South Africa was pock-marked by riots. He seems to be more con-

cerned with the question of whether the riots started in Cato Manor or at a bus stop in the Indian Market.

The questions of the generic definition of Zulus, and the geographic delineation of Cato Manor, are the first and second points of Mr. Norton's condemnation of my report.

Point 3: Mr. Norton thinks it is not nice to imply that natives have to show their passes at street intersections. He says they only have to show them when a police constable deems it necessary. The police constable almost always deems it necessary. He is almost always stationed at street intersections.

Point 4: Mr. Norton disputes my statement that "blacks have risen in Johannesburg, Capetown . . ."

Apparently, the South African government chooses to keep its representative in the dark about such things. In Johannesburg, for example, there was a pitched battle between blacks, whites and police right in front of City Hall in May of this year. In Capetown, 160 were injured in similar clashes.

Point 5: Mr. Norton says: "To suggest that correspondents were discouraged from covering the riots in their dispatches is manifestly ridiculous." But South Africa's Minister of Communications, speaking in Parliament, said: "Those who send reports to newspapers abroad slandering South Africa must not expect all their reports to reach their destination." Now slander may be interpreted in different ways by different governments. The communists accused Bill Oatis of the AP of slander, spying and sabotage because he reported the truth from Prague. The South Africans accused American cartoonist Bob Connolly of "sabotage"

because he dared poke fun at Premier Malan and his nationalist associates. Mr. Norton specifically mentions the freedom accorded to *Time* magazine in preparing its issue on South Africa. Yet we just learned that on August 14, 1952, South African police entered the apartment of *Time* correspondent Alex Campbell, ransacked it, and left with copies of his dispatches.

But if Mr. Norton maintains that correspondents are free to report the truth from South Africa, it is to be hoped that he and his superiors remember that assertion when this correspondent next requests a visa in order to visit that country.

Point 6: Mr. Norton attempts to give us an exact figure on African population — 187,494,000, as contrasted with our statement that the African people have never been accurately counted. Well, when we see modern census teams penetrating the jungles of the Congo, scaling the Atlas mountains to count migrating Berbers, chasing the elusive tribes of Harrar — then we'll accept a definite population figure for Africa.

Point 7: Mr. Norton does not like our statement that non-Europeans in South Africa ". . . have no right to vote, strike or marry outside their color caste." He says: "Nothing could be further from the truth. . . . There is nothing in the laws preventing an Indian marrying a native."

But how about an Indian marrying a white girl? That is strictly forbidden. And Mr. Norton calls us a liar when we say that non-Europeans have no right to vote or strike. Yet he knows quite well that this is true. Name-calling won't change the facts.

To answer Mr. Norton's remaining points would take up too much valuable space and time. The points he raises get smaller and more insignificant, and sometimes they border on the absurd. (Such as Mr. Norton's assertion that South Africa's grab of Southwest Africa was perfectly legal. For two years, the United Nations has condemned this action and, at the last U.N. Assembly, the South African delegation was even forced to walk out of the U.N. on this issue.)

On the whole, though, we are gratified to see that Mr. Norton has not had opportunity to find fault with the main thesis of the article, which can be summed up in the words of a recent *New York Times* editorial: "... South Africa is in a crisis of the first magnitude . . . a crisis that is wholly unnecessary, the work of a short-sighted leader and his flimsy majority."

SERGE FLIEGERS
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

HITTING THE SPOT

» As a student of international affairs, I have followed closely reports about developments in South Africa. I am prompted to write to you because I think that "Crisis in South Africa" by Serge Fliegers in your August issue is the best report I have so far seen on the subject.

I have read the other articles recently published — in *Harper's*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *New York Times Magazine* and *Time*. And there is no question that your article was the very best. It was not over-sensational (like *Time*), nor over-cautious to the point of boredom (like *Harper's*), nor

over-wistful and under-informative as was unfortunately Allan Paton's story in the *New York Times Magazine*.

Your article just hit the spot. Fliegers has something to say. He said it very well and forcefully. He brought out points which were neglected or bypassed by other writers.

Keep up such work and maybe soon the *MERCURY* will be leading the regeneration of American letters.

MIREK SPUDIL
YALE UNIVERSITY
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

THE TORCH COMMANDOS

» As a born South African, I can truly say that Serge Fliegers' article, "Crisis in South Africa," which appears in your August issue is terrific, and I congratulate you on its timely publication.

Mr. Fliegers has again proved himself to be an outstanding journalist, a shrewd observer and one who obviously indulges in considerable research into the background of the subject he deals with. His knowledge of South African affairs is profound, even to the subtleties of the complex political struggle.

There is, however, an error which I respectfully wish to point out, in fairness to my country. On page 17 a statement in the article reads: "The Torch Commandos have been sending volunteers to Korea. . . ." The fact is that almost as soon as the Korean War started over two years ago, the South African Government agreed to the principle of token aid under its signatory pledge to the United Nations. Practical effect was therefore given by South Africa before the Torch Com-

mando came into existence and the South African Government has sponsored ever since the contribution of an entire Air Squadron with a full complement of ground personnel who have suffered many casualties in actual battle.

DR. S. FIELDING

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA

FREE EXPRESSION

» On my way overseas last month I discovered the July issue of your very fine magazine; it made my trip much more lively. I am only surprised at myself for not having known about it long before this. It is so refreshing to encounter a magazine such as yours that not only utilizes the principle of free expression, but actually works to keep the principle intact.

ANDREW W. SLUEMLE

ENSIGN, U.S.N.

U.S.S. IOWA

THE MARRYING KIND

» Re: Wallace Markfield's review of "The Marrying Kind." ["Sunny Side Down," August, 1952.]

Is it possible that Hollywood is ahead of Mr. Markfield in interpreting American life? I rather think so.

If Mr. Markfield had stopped looking for social significance and listened he would have found that it was not America that was at fault, but Florence and Chester Keefer.

In the beginning, Florence says she got married to quit working. Chester got married for a variety of reasons, but neither one got married because they were in love. Later, Florence says her greatest complaint is that she

is lonesome. She has no companionship. Chester is ambitious to make money, but it is his ambition, and not a real part of his marriage.

The children are never an integral part of the marriage. They never seem to belong to them, and one wonders how they ever happened to have them. Neither Florence nor Chester ever express any love or concern for them, nor particularly take care of them, except to get a baby sitter while they go out.

Chester's whole attitude toward the money which Florence inherits is a self-centered one. He is thinking of it only in so far as her possible premarital actions affect him. He has no feeling for her as an individual, no respect for her.

The invention was not carried out because Chester quit at the first rebuff and did not keep on.

I frankly can not see why this is all America's fault, except for the fact that America allows individuals to grow up and marry as they please.

In variance with Mr. Markfield, I wondered how the Keefers could have such a fine apartment in New York on his income. That was pure Hollywood. If it had been truer to life it would have been a lot drabber.

FLORIS ROTTSMANN

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

ANOTHER MENCKEN?

» I subscribed to THE MERCURY from the time H. L. Mencken and Nathan had it — and continued my subscription after that. But THE AMERICAN MERCURY continued going downgrade and I canceled my subscription in disgust.

However, the present seems to be a revival. It looks as though another Mencken had taken hold of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

D. BAHNSEN
WATSONVILLE, CALIFORNIA

NO LIKE IKE

» In your July issue, you carry a brief note from my old friend and classmate, Eugene C. Pomeroy, based on the assumption that I have endorsed General Eisenhower for President. This mistake goes back to a rather serious partial quotation of what I said some months ago in the press. I said that I liked Ike but that I didn't know what Ike liked. As I have found out, I have been increasingly opposed to his election. I much prefer Governor Stevenson, although I am myself supporting the Socialist Party ticket.

NORMAN THOMAS
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

COOKE'S TOUR

» In reading William Phillips' "Cooke's Tour of America" [August, 1952], I could not let it pass without comment.

Having just spent two years in England as a student, I, at the time, began to wonder myself what we Americans are like. . . . I became quite interested in Alistair Cooke's articles in the *Manchester Guardian*, and in his broadcasts on the B.B.C.

I honestly think Mr. Cooke is doing a great job and the people in England are getting quite a good picture of us, something fairly accurate, and some-

thing which is dearly needed in the face of the false opinions Hollywood has created.

DOUGLAS H. GORDON
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

SCIENCE-FICTION JUNK?

» All this recent talk about space travel struck me as just a lot of science-fiction junk. I am an engineer myself and generally have to smile at the ignorance of elementary scientific principles shown in most of the stuff I've seen written on the subject. Your Morton Clurman ["Terrors of Space Travel," August, 1952] indicates that space travel is still a long way off, if for no other reason than that it's going to be awfully hard on human beings. Still, his very sound and enlightening article showed me that it is a serious possibility, and not something for the comic books.

JACOB NEFF
JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

WARBLER EXPERT

» In the Hiss-Chambers case there were typewriter experts, microfilm experts, experts on Communism, experts on anti-Communism — every kind of expert you could think of. There was one thing missing: an expert on the prothonotary warbler. How pleasant it was to find Alan Devoe, in the September MERCURY ["The Hiss-Chambers Bird"], filling that gap. I thought his essay was delightful.

SUSAN DREBINGER
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

BOOKS

William Phillips

MALE-ISM AND MORALISM

Hemingway and Steinbeck

ON THE SURFACE, Hemingway and Steinbeck have little in common. They belong to different generations and to different traditions, and their artistic personalities are far apart. But the publication of their new novels* at the same time invites a comparison of their aims and their gifts. Seeing them together in the same ring, as it were, we are made aware that they represent two distinct strains in current fiction, that some of their qualities are connected with the fate of American writing as a whole.

By all sporting standards, their two latest works are mismatched. Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* is a slim, compact, short novel,

almost a long short story, about a single character; Steinbeck's *East of Eden* is a long, loose saga of many people and several epochs. Hemingway's prose is characteristically taut and tough, straining for the twang of the muscle-bound hero of the street corner and poolroom; Steinbeck's is soft, meandering, lush, without textual flavor or tension, existing apart from the narrative — the tool of a conventional storyteller. As for their themes, Hemingway deals with his favorite subject of loneliness, disguised as masculinity, in a world trying to castrate every man struggling for honor and heroism; while Steinbeck has shifted away somewhat from his earlier chronicles of social justice to a moral drama in which the forces of good and evil play upon the fortunes of two sprawling families. In the size

*THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA. By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. Scribner's. 140 pp. \$3.00.
EAST OF EDEN. By JOHN STEINBECK. Viking. 602 pp. \$4.50.

of his story and grandiosity of his theme, Steinbeck is seemingly more impressive. But Steinbeck never comes close to Hemingway's artistry. In this spare, stylized tale of an old fisherman, Hemingway, though he occasionally touches on the commonplace, still displays much of his old mastery of pace and rhythm, and the ability to create a sustained mood out of a simple situation.

Hemingway is usually classed among the leading members of the "lost generation" of the twenties; but, as has been pointed out before, this is a false tag because his generation was no more lost than any other generation or movement in search of a new literary principle or social attitude. It is only that the "lost generation" was able to dramatize itself because it rode the wave of the twenties, and because it was drawn for a time to the aesthetic ferment and bohemianism then thriving in Paris and other European centers. What actually moved the "lost generation" — which included, if only marginally, such writers as Gertrude Stein, Edmund Wilson, Dos Passos, Pound, Cummings, Cowley — was a dissatisfaction with the conventional literary atmosphere in America, and an urge to find some new literary forms to contain and express the prevailing feeling of restlessness and dislocation and the quick and nervous associations of contemporary life. Each writer, of

course, realized his talents in his own way, but on the whole the leading figures of the period created a sharpness of style and of observation, and a sense of their fusion, that has become dominant in American literature today.

Within this general trend, Hemingway's particular achievement was to find an idiom for the quick make-and-break of human contact and for the kind of action that binds people together and pulls them apart. Hence his attraction to all such masculine arts as love, war, sport, and the simple brawl, where thinking is at a minimum while all the cunning of the ego and all its courage and fear are brought into play. Though women are tangled in it, Hemingway's world is essentially a man's world, just as much so as an army or a Turkish bath, in which, however, each man feels cut off from his fellow-men. If he enters into any kind of solidarity with them it is usually through some common action, some game or fight, but he is always violently competitive for he knows that if he does not keep his guard up he will be beaten or shamed and in the end fall anyway since the odds are against him, but at least he has kept his honor which is the badge of his manhood.

Hemingway's philosophy has all the earmarks of adolescence, but some of its appeal comes from the fact that it does fit in with the

moral athleticism so common today, and it also finds a response in the primitive drives we all try to suppress or conceal. Besides, Hemingway's code enters into his writing not only as an overt philosophy, but also as an obsessive theme and system of feeling that give his fiction its unity, its energy, and its peculiar mixture of sentiment and brutality. Some of his short stories and such earlier novels as *The Sun Also Rises* and *Farewell to Arms*, where his muscular philosophy does not get out of hand, rank with the best of American fiction. His writing falls down, however, when he tries to create a character who thinks, as in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, or when he overworks the notion of virility, as in his elegies on bullfighting, or in his recent novel, *Across the River and into the Trees*. This latter story, about a poolroom Romeo in a colonel's uniform, was a pretty sloppy performance. On the other hand, his novel of the Spanish civil war failed because Hemingway stepped out of character in trying to present the cause of the Loyalists, which he did not understand, through the figure of an American idealist, who did not know why he was fighting.

In *The Old Man and the Sea*, however, Hemingway is on home ground again, back to the subject of male pride and courage in a contest where the odds are against them. This time the contest is between an

old fisherman, on his last, lonely venture — pitting his daring and what is left of his once great skill and strength against the hazards of the sea — and an enormous marlin and a school of sharks. Desperate for a catch, the fisherman drifts far out to sea, where he finally hauls in a huge fish, larger than his boat, but as he sails back with his prize it is attacked by sharks. Exhausted and knowing he is bound to lose, he tries to fight the sharks one by one as each tears off a chunk of the marlin. He returns to shore, a fallen hero; but though he has been defeated, he has upheld the classic code of the warrior, according to which one respects his enemy, fights cleanly, and never gives up. This is the code of any simple fisherman who, like the soldier, the lover, and the sportsman, is by trade the standard-bearer of masculinity.

Obviously a story of this kind must be kept aesthetically clean and simple; and on the whole Hemingway succeeds in doing so. The book maintains a nice balance between the pathos and the heroism of the fisherman, and though it is not one of Hemingway's best works, it is at least a neat and moving story. Unfortunately, Hemingway at times goes off key — something he rarely did in his early work — usually when he gets caught in the trap-pings of manliness. Thus he relies a little too much on the jargon of fishing and the sports world to carry

his narrative, which reduces the fisherman to little more than a noble contestant in a game. It would seem that as Hemingway gets older, he is even more intent on recapturing the ideals of manhood; and, in this story at least, the cunning, power, and elusiveness of the enemy look very much like the conventional image of the destructive female. Perhaps the fear of the feminine was always behind Hemingway's show of virility, but where it was given a fictional disguise it led to some wonderful writing. Still, it has also stunted Hemingway's vision as a novelist, because it is too limited and immature a sense of the world — at least for our time.

UNLIKE HEMINGWAY, Steinbeck was a product of the social strain that flourished in the radical climate of the thirties, but also goes back to the earlier forms of populism and the literature of social criticism. He is, of course, best known as the author of *The Grapes of Wrath*, a novel about the exploitation of the migratory farm worker, which I think has been much overrated both for its literary qualities and for its social vision — perhaps because at the time of its appearance the public was receptive to any writing that celebrated the cause of the downtrodden. And most of Steinbeck's fiction is constructed around a social theme. Its essential feeling, however, is not for any

social movement, but for the marginal character, poor, lonely, and picturesque — the little man lost in time and space and the success patterns of American life. Sometimes this little man is the victim of social injustice, as in *The Grapes of Wrath*; more often, as in *Tortilla Flat*, he is simply an outcast. At the same time, there is another important streak in Steinbeck — a surprising one that we are more likely to associate with a writer like Faulkner: an attraction to warped people who verge on the psychotic. *Of Mice and Men* came almost entirely out of this vein, but even in this story of the twisted underside of humanity there are overtones of the idea of justice, for in his inability to distinguish right from wrong Lennie is presented as a moral as well as a psychological symbol.

In *East of Eden*, Steinbeck has evidently attempted to gather all these strands into one big novel, with some changes, however, as justice is now given a moral twist; while what was once offered as social idealism has been converted into the phenomenon of social growth, which, in the form of the development of America, serves as a backdrop for the story. The novel intertwines the history of two families, one simple, homey, and, except for a touch of gifted wildness, fairly typical — from which Steinbeck himself is descended; the other is dark, tragically torn, with a strain of deprav-

ity running through it. In the background of the narrative is the Hamilton family, headed by Sam Hamilton, an engaging and impractical eccentric, who spreads his homespun wisdom and gospel of decency over the countryside. But the central story is carried by the Trasks, two rival half brothers, crushed by a headstrong father, one of whom withers away in loneliness, the other, weak and simple-minded but full of goodwill, marries a feminine monster with a talent for prostitution, and rears two sons who live in the shadow of their mother's sins. The novel winds through a series of long episodes, taking in a number of colorful minor characters, as the main figures thrash out their fate. But essentially *East of Eden* is a saga of American life, close to the pat genre of the historical novel, built on top of an allegory of good and evil. Sam Hamilton is obviously a representative of frail virtue, while Cathy, the congenital prostitute, is meant to be a devil in the guise of a psychopath.

As I read *East of Eden*, I was taken with its easy movement and its genial presentation of what is for the most part an engaging story. It has the popular appeal of a family tale told by an old man to his children. But as a literary work it lacks the tragic power and finality that comes from fictional concentration and from the ability to squeeze one's characters to the point where they

are clearly driven to their destiny. (It is actually a succession of several novels, none of which has its own distinct impact.) Hence the reader, however entertained he may be, tends to remain outside the story. Even Steinbeck's prose is too relaxed, too long-winded to create the necessary tension for the narrative. This is especially regrettable, as I think that Steinbeck could have created out of Cathy one of the great characters of modern literature. As it is, this woman without feeling who makes a career out of warped feelings and lusts is a brilliant notion. But in the execution of the novel, she is not sufficiently developed or motivated and tends to fade into the drawn-out plot.

TAKING THEIR WORK as a whole, Hemingway is, of course, a more important figure than Steinbeck. Aside from his natural gifts, I think he comes out of a richer and more complex tradition than Steinbeck, who seems to be a captive of the naturalistic school that builds a social panorama to house a moral problem. Yet, in a way, they seem to point up each other's weaknesses. Steinbeck is more concerned with the generalities of social and moral truth than with the play and intensity that make for exciting fiction: he cannot let his theme and his characters explode. Hemingway, on the other hand, is handicapped by a narrow, somewhat immature sense of

the world, and he has never been interested in or capable of understanding many of the larger aspects of the human predicament.

So far, American writing has rarely fused these two strains, represented in part by Hemingway and Steinbeck. Whether it is possible or

desirable to have such a fusion, I do not know, for obviously the split lies deep in the nature of the American character. But I believe that this split has been responsible for the fact that American art has produced so many powerful and so many one-sided talents.

"Do Not Think About Sin"

» It is silly not to hope, he thought. Besides I believe it is a sin. Do not think about sin, he thought. There are enough problems now without sin. Also I have no understanding of it.

I have no understanding of it and I am not sure that I believe in it. Perhaps it was a sin to kill the fish. I suppose it was even though I did it to keep me alive and feed many people. But then everything is a sin. Do not think about sin. It is much too late for that and there are people who are paid to do it. Let them think about it. You were born to be a fisherman as the fish was born to be a fish. San Pedro was a fisherman as was the father of the great DiMaggio.

But he liked to think about all things that he was involved in and since there was nothing to read and he did not have a radio, he thought much and he kept on thinking about sin. You did not kill the fish only to keep alive and to sell for food, he thought. You killed him for pride and because you are a fisherman. You loved him when he was alive and you loved him after. If you love him, it is not a sin to kill him. Or is it more?

"You think too much, old man," he said aloud.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, *in THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA*, Scribner's, 1952.

Spencer Brown

ARTHUR KOESTLER

The Mellow Machine-Gun

ARTHUR KOESTLER's readers are admiring but uneasy. He is thoroughly versed in the chief political problems of our time; he asks the right questions, questions which few others until recently have dared to ask; when others take up these questions, few give better answers than he. His style has speed, clarity, intelligence. His novels have motion as well as cerebration. But something is indefinably unsatisfactory.

Hence many readers will seek in the first volume of Koestler's autobiography, *Arrow in the Blue*,* a clue to the fundamental shortcoming of his other works. They will find it, too, but first they will find many other things, some admirable, all interesting.

Koestler sees in himself two central paradoxes, like a binary star around which in eccentric orbits revolve lesser paradoxes (these latter are expressed in the titles of most of his books). The first is that of Ahor

and Babo, his odd private names for two features of his neurotic make-up. Ahor is the Ancient Horror of his childhood. Besides the dubious endowment of a fiercely capricious mother who swung "from the emotional climate of the tropics to the arctic and back again," a father who made and lost fortunes on schemes of crackbrained inventors, the parlor maid, Bertha, who set the household tone of fear and guilt, and an almost complete isolation from other children, he had a terrifying and traumatic tonsillectomy, furtive and violent, followed by two other operations. To combat Ahor, he invented Babo — the Baron in the Bog, Munchausen, who saved himself from sinking by lifting himself out by the hair. The first victory of Babo was young Arthur's administering the ether to himself for his third operation. This act he considers highly symbolic: he controls his own destiny. And indeed Koestler has lifted himself by the

* Macmillan. 353 pp. \$5.00.

hair — out of a life of considerable failure, of vagabondage and near-starvation, out of the sewer of Communism, of concentration camps.

The other paradoxical symbol is that of the title. At the age of twelve Koestler was obsessed with a vision of shooting an arrow into the blue — a super-arrow that would go beyond the earth's gravity, beyond the sun's, and travel toward infinity. In other ages this thirst for the absolute would have been fulfilled in religion. In our age "it was this same quest and the same all-or-nothing mentality which drove me to the Promised Land and into the Communist Party."

As the arrow splits lengthwise into two, "the two halves have a repellent effect on each other, their orbits become deflected; they continue their flight in opposite directions, one symbolizing Action, the other Contemplation." Koestler recalls a vivid instance of this split, in his having read almost simultaneously about the Arab massacres of Jews and about Einstein's theory of relativity. The call to action comes to him from the outrages of the world: "first the financial, then the physical destruction of the cultural stratum from which I came. At a conservative estimate, three out of every four people whom I knew before I was thirty, were subsequently killed in Spain, or hounded to death at Dachau, or gassed at Belsen, or deported to Russia, or liquidated in

Russia; some jumped from windows in Vienna or Budapest, others were wrecked by the misery and aimlessness of permanent exile." Hence his Chronic Indignation. "On the other hand, I knew that detachment and restraint are essential values in art. Thus the conflict between action and contemplation led into the conflict between art and propaganda. I have spoilt most of my novels out of a sense of duty to some 'cause'; I knew that an artist should not exhort or preach, and I kept on exhorting and preaching."

FOLLOWING his career with a detached irony that does not preclude astonishment at his own folly or success, Koestler recounts his early acquaintance with Communism — the "hundred days" of Bela Kun in his native Hungary, in retrospect a kindly and only half-serious revolution; his education in engineering school in Vienna, which not only grounded him in science but gave him some of the happiest days of his life, oddly enough in a typical dueling, heavy-drinking, easy-loving fraternity; and his first bridge-burning. He had plunged into the Zionist Revisionist movement (a minority within a minority within a minority, whose sectarian politics immunized him later, when he left the Communist Party, against splinter groups). On the eve of getting his degree and settling down as an engineer, he ceremoni-

ally burned his matriculation book, learned Hebrew in a few weeks, and set out for Palestine. A failure in the *Kvutsa*, or collective, he went through a grimly amusing period of near-starvation in Haifa, from which he was rescued by selling an article to the *Neue Freie Presse*. (He later discovered to his chagrin that it was his mother's influence that got the article printed.) On this frail raft he drifted into journalistic success, as correspondent for the Ullstein chain of newspapers first in Jerusalem, then in Paris, then as their science editor in Berlin, and last as foreign editor and assistant editor-in-chief of one of the largest papers in Germany. This success, of the sort commonly described as meteoric, he achieved in 1931, at the age of twenty-five. Then he burned his bridges again and joined the Communist Party. Here the narrative ends, "as those old-time film serials used to end with the hero suspended on a rope over a crocodile-infested river, followed by the promise: TO BE CONTINUED. But then the audience knew that the hero would not really fall among the crocodiles, whereas I did; which makes this tale, I hope, all the more exciting and improving."

It is not so much the tale as the observations by the way that are exciting and improving. There is a shrewd analysis of "Jewishness." There are also obiter dicta on French bourgeois life and on sectarian squab-

blings over the holy bones and stones of Jerusalem. There is even an "elegy on bawdy houses," as sentimental a piece of worldly writing as I have yet seen. There is open and significant hostility to Freud, hostility which any admirer of *Arrival and Departure* will consider literary parricide. There are uneven pages on the Hungarian revolution, the Austrian inflation, the failure of socialist journalism, and the paralysis of the Social Democrats before Hitler.

Best of all to me, a devotee of gadgets and kindergarten astrophysics, is the section on Koestler's work as science editor. The popularizing of science on the Continent had hardly begun when he took the job, and he must have done much to promote it. He recalls interviews with Einstein and de Broglie, the foreshadowings of atomic energy, developments in electronic musical instruments, and delightful encounters with sound but impractical inventors, Rube Goldbergs, and plain charlatans. As science editor Koestler flew with the *Graf Zeppelin* to the arctic when the Ullsteins outmaneuvered Hearst for the news monopoly of the expedition. I for one wish that this section of the book had swallowed up some of the rest. It is clear that much of Koestler's extraordinary skill as a popularizer of political or philosophical complexity, his faculty for illuminating analogy, and his use of ar-

resting paradox, took shape at this time.

BUT THE MAIN THEME of *Arrow in the Blue* is Communism. Koestler discusses the schizoid mentality of the party member who accepts the Dr. Jekyll of "progressive causes" and rejects the Mr. Hyde of revolutionary terror, or vice versa, according to temperament. He analyses the attractions of the "closed system" of thought as an "emotional hothouse." He shows how the trained theologian — Marxist, Freudian, or Catholic — "can make mincemeat of his open-minded adversary. . . . The closed system sharpens the faculties of the mind, like an overefficient grindstone, to a brittle edge; it produces a scholastic, Talmudic, hair-splitting brand of cleverness which affords no protection against committing the crudest imbecilities. People with this mentality are found particularly often among the intelligentsia. I like to call them the 'clever imbeciles' — an expression which I don't consider offensive, as I was one of them."

These are good things and well worth saying. But Koestler has said or implied them before. Koestler's surprises — and they are many — are in words, not in ideas. We always feel him to be repetitive: he has the breadth and sparkling color of an oceanic sameness. It is not disorganized repetition: his novels are tightly constructed. If anything,

they are overschematized; something always equals something — no rose without its thorn, no character, no incident without its symbolic significance. Even in *Arrow in the Blue*, with the characteristically rambling pattern of the autobiography, there are strict bounds set to the ramble.

Though a vastly interesting writer, Koestler is only a chessplayer's novelist. *Darkness at Noon* is a debate with depth and intensity, but Rubashov is only a bundle of characteristics. Gletkin, it is true, is a horrifying creation, but not humanly horrifying like his counterparts in Victor Serge's *The Case of Comrade Tulayev*. Peter Slavek, in *Arrival and Departure*, is a deliberately generalized figure; so are all the people in *Thieves in the Night* and *The Age of Longing*. Koestler confesses that he likes women only too well but that writing about them bores him stiff; hence his vacant and incredible heroines.

As a thinker, Koestler, to use his kind of figure, is a body of high albedo, or index of reflection, but no luminosity. He is the perfect journalist, prodigiously bright, sophisticated in the worlds of idea and experience, having thought much — or rather reflected much. He is a poet without a poet's taste or emotion. He seeks to dazzle as he instructs, forgetting that teaching must sometimes be humdrum. In his role of the Chesterton of anti-

Communism, in his grasping at any handy paradox, he often falls into the polarization and schematization of thought that he castigates in the "closed system." If his optimism in joining the party was naïve, his present pessimism is slick.

Is this, then, the elusive defect in his books? Only part of it. One of his colleagues in Ullstein's Paris office told him: "When you first came to my office you were not human — you were a machine-gun." Koestler uses the past tense; I should use the present. The machine-gun has become mellow but not human. We do not like Koestler as we like, for example, Orwell or Silone. (I am speaking only of the literary personality, of course; Orwell seems to have been a rather formidable person in life.) As a literary personality, Koestler has no warmth. And throughout *Arrow in the Blue* he shows us clearly, in his one-night stands with woman after woman,

in his acquaintances with men made and ended in a flash, in his perpetual rootlessness, that he was personally unable to enjoy either love or friendship. People for him exist to be indignant for, to be knocked down, to be applauded, to be scorned, but not to be pitied or loved.

THIS, it seems to me, is Koestler's fundamental defect, one that he shows few signs of overcoming. Now he can see only "uneasy resignation" to replace the "specious hope" of his early years: "We are forced to fall back on the threadbare values of the past." Yet these threadbare — or perhaps homespun — values are still wearable in our day, as Orwell demonstrated even though he also suffered from Chronic Indignation. Koestler will have none of them, though he has long since grown wise enough not to buy glittering cloth-of-gold or shining armor.

Arbitrary Polarizations

» One of the principal methods of distortion in Communist thought is what one might term "arbitrary polarizations." An example of an arbitrary polarization is the statement: "There are two categories of people: (a) the good ones who travel by train, and (b) the bad ones who travel by air." With a little casuistry it can then be shown that people who travel by sea are (a) good, because they don't fly, and (b) bad, because they don't run on rails.

ARTHUR KOESTLER, in *ARROW IN THE BLUE*, Macmillan, 1952.

Baseball à la Wagner

The Nibelung in the Polo Grounds

***The Natural.* By Bernard Malamud.
Harcourt, Brace. 237 pp. \$3.00.**

BERNARD MALAMUD is the author of a number of short stories of unusual power and stubborn originality. They are impressive because they all read as though they were written by Bernard Malamud and no one else, because there is no indication that they have been trimmed to fit the sails of different magazines, and because they have in the main dealt with the Great Depression's effect upon small shopkeepers, mostly Jewish, without the least self-consciousness that they are covering ground that has presumably been worked to exhaustion. On the contrary, they derive their impact, as does all good non-intellectual art, precisely from the deliberate use of material that is already a part of the common body of experience.

I was eager to see what Mr. Malamud's first novel would be like. And I was surprised to discover that he had chosen not the world of the doomed little businessman but the world of baseball. "The Natural" is Roy Hobbs, a ballplayer of such

phenomenal skill that he can come from nowhere at the age of thirty-four and in one incredible season establish himself as one of the game's immortal figures. He is, together with his golden bat Wonderboy, which he has carved from the heart of a tree split by lightning, the Wagnerian hero of a mythic drama that draws on folk legend, newspaper headlines, and the stylistic manner of the pulps to achieve its effects.

Mr. Malamud has not hesitated to incorporate materials familiar to every baseball fan: Babe Ruth's gargantuan appetite, Branch Rickey's reputed miserliness, Casey Stengel's encounter with the ball flung from the top of the Washington Monument, Eddie Waitkus' shooting by a crazed girl, Shoeless Joe Jackson's tragic downfall. . . . But his hero, although he partakes of many of the more memorable aspects of baseball's gods, is a "natural" in even more meanings of the term than those assigned to it by those professional sentimentalists, the baseball writers.

When Roy Hobbs actually knocks the cover off the ball in his first time

at bat, in response to his manager's fervent appeal, he not only sets the semicomical tone of the fantasy that is to follow, he not only establishes himself immediately as a superhuman athlete: he reveals himself as a natural man, as yet uncorrupted by his employers, his audiences, or his chroniclers.

But there is a fatal flaw in Roy Hobbs as there must be in all tragic heroes. In his case it has been implanted at the age of nineteen by the silver bullet fired at him by an unbalanced girl, a highly charged symbolic figure, who travels about the country slaughtering athletes. The fifteen years that elapse between the wound and his one dazzling year of triumph in the major leagues have infected him with a fanatic sense of urgency to recapture his lost youth by smashing all records and finding the love of which he had been cheated by the bullet. The impossibility of realizing his immense dream betrays him into betraying himself and forfeiting the love of an honest woman for the treacherous embrace of a villainess who is in love with the memory of his dead predecessor.

Mr. Malamud utilizes Roy's feverish year of achievement to develop the uneven and delicately balanced relationship between the hero and his worshippers, in whose frenzied admiration there is always an element of hatred not unrelated to self-hatred — for they want the impossi-

ble, they expect it, they demand it, and they turn on him like wolves when he fails them even temporarily in a batting slump.

The story is carried forward with remarkable swiftness by a style that alternates between tough-romantic, rather elliptic prose, and sports-fiction lingo that comes straight from *Dime Sports* magazine. The lingo is much more disturbing than such minor distractions as awkward shifts in point of view, which are not unexpected in first novels; for the considerable gains in employing a language and a plot that are ready to hand and attractive to a potentially enormous audience ranging from lowbrows to highbrows (if for different reasons) are more than outweighed by the disadvantages.

The principal gain in utilizing pulp terminology is that the style of the epic is congruous with its substance: we are reading about a baseball god in terms of what the sports pages have trained us to think about our heroes; we are driven and bullied from page to page, and we have to find out whether Roy can catch the towering fly, or whether his Wonderboy can smash the essential bases-loaded homer.

But after the last out has been made we are left wondering, like a bunch of second-guessers, what would have happened if Roy had behaved just a little differently. Tragedy is never inevitable in the pulps; happy and sad endings are

interchangeable parts, and the very manner in which Roy's downfall is described must rob it of the pathos, the grandeur, and the inevitability which Mr. Malamud surely intended.

Besides, we are reminded from time to time that the pulp style, which implies a literal belief in fabulous events, is only a front, a convenient satirical device for conveying the author's real message.

What is the message? That is where the book breaks down. I don't think Mr. Malamud is quite sure himself what the worship of unseen athlete-heroes means, what the price is that the natural man must pay for being transformed from country boy into god, or what is the actual symbolic weight of baseball in America. I am not referring to "answers" which we cannot legitimately request of novelists, but rather to attitudes, which may make the difference between sharply defined, memorable writing, and diverting fiction, meaningful only during the hours that it is read.

What is big-time baseball as a specifically American phenomenon? Is it funny? Exciting? Pathetic? Horrible? Yes, Mr. Malamud says, it is all of these and more. But his rapid oscillations of style and plot

from fantasy to wish-fulfilment to melodrama to pulp-realism to broad satire fragmentalize the American myth and destroy the cohesiveness of the allegory.

Maybe baseball, which Scott Fitzgerald once called a children's game played by adults, is simply not susceptible of any more weighty literary translation than that given it by Ring Lardner. I am not sure about that, but in any case Mr. Malamud has not succeeded even in fully establishing the possibility. Nevertheless, his failure is more than merely honorable—it is exciting in a way that few ambitious intellectual novels are nowadays, principally because Mr. Malamud is neither ashamed of being a storyteller nor afraid of the narrow boundaries separating pathos from bathos and sentiment from sentimentality.

One is always tempted to prescribe the path that a writer should take, and it would be particularly easy in the case of Mr. Malamud to regret that he has not seen fit to write a novel that would enlarge the vision of his beautiful short stories. But he has earned the right to claim our attention on his own terms, and it is on his own terms that his future work will have to be evaluated.

HARVEY SWADOS

BOOKS IN SHORT

Newman's Odyssey

Newman's Way. By Sean O'Faolain.
Devin-Adair. 335 pp. \$4.50.

WHEN A FIRST-RATE fiction writer turns to history or biography, any of a number of interesting things can happen. He can, trading on a name made elsewhere, rush out a hack job having only those virtues which he wasn't able to exclude. Or he can bank entirely on his intuitive vision of the subject, ignoring or wrenching balky and troublesome facts. If he is unusually gifted and unusually conscientious, however, he can do original research and then write the whole with an artist's insight that evokes the flesh and scenes of times long gone. This third course is the one magnificently followed by Sean O'Faolain in his new book on Cardinal Newman.

John Henry Newman is today neither a sympathetic nor a particularly well-known figure. He survives for most of us as the author of the Anglican hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." Yet in the thirties of the last century, he, as much as any man, dominated the upper regions of English intellectual life. In the forties the English cursed him as a traitor, watching with horror his inevitable "going over" to Rome. He was at the center of one of Oxford Univer-

sity's great periods and of the last great period of the Church of England, that of the Oxford Movement. His conversion prepared the ground, socially and intellectually, for one of the richest secondary strains in modern English letters, the Catholic. Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh, to name only two, owe their spiritual existence to John Newman.

The Church of England has always wavered, as O'Faolain says, between the poles of Geneva and Rome. On the one hand, it is conscious that it is bearer of the apostolic tradition, represented in England before Henry VIII by the Roman church. On the other hand, it is aware that Rome, the "whore of Babylon," is corrupt herself, and has corrupted the very faith once entrusted to her alone; and so the English church must, historically, pick and choose, even while deploring the picking and choosing as not becoming an orthodox body. Very likely the best arrangement for a state church in a liberal democracy is that now in effect in England: the meaning and the form of the Church of England vary from parish to parish, just as the head of the church, the Queen, is an Anglican in London, a Presbyterian in Edinburgh.

This tolerant solution to the ecclesiastical dilemma is no solution at all

to those to whom religion is more than, or different from, mere good feeling and friendliness. It was no solution to Newman. In his early twenties he embarked on a voyage of discovery, his goal the apostolic foundations of the English church. By the time he was forty he could see clearly that they all rested firmly in Rome. A few years more and, almost against his will, certainly against his "interest," he went over. In a day when the steps of the Catholic church are thronged with converts tossed there by private emotional conflicts, and still others wait patiently at the baptismal font to begin successful careers on the platform and in the magazines, it is a reassurance of integrity to read of a man brought to Catholicism at the end of a powerful search for truth, a man who, having found his truth, must embrace it even at the cost of his entire professional career.

Perhaps the main virtue of *Newman's Way* is O'Faolain's ability to bring to life the ancient sects, schisms, and heresies that were so much a part of Newman's study, and the intellectual currents and ideas of Newman's England. In the early part of the book, which is concerned with the Newman family, he summons up, with fine economy, the clear scene of preindustrial London and its environs. O'Faolain constantly juxtaposes a pleasant village of 1807, say, with the grimy suburb it has become. A good third of the

book follows the remarkable family from which the Cardinal came, their eccentricities and varying religious ideas. John Henry's father was a banker who fell upon hard days, and O'Faolain conveys the Dickensian pathos of the fall: the ridiculous fluttering about, the quest for a rock of finance, the Macawber pretences maintained to the end, the gradual decline of the father. His brother Frank was one of his bitterest opponents, both before and after the going over. His brother Charles was "weak," unable to hold a job, drifting, fatally, into teaching, a constant drain on the family's fund of both money and patience. Finally, there were two sisters to be married off, with no hope of dowry. This last business is one of the best passages in the book, right in the comic tradition of Jane Austen—yet, like everything else, thoroughly documented.

The book is far from the hodge-podge it must sound. The author uses Newman's early life not only as counterpoint to the great intellectual adventure, but as the logical place to look for the beginnings of the process that would bring him so far. O'Faolain, halfway through a discussion of a third-century heresy, can hark back to an incident in Newman's boyhood and make the two things dovetail into a coherent portrait.

The book is subtitled the "Odyssey" of Newman, and like any proper

Odyssey, it ends with the coming home of the hero, the arrival of Newman in the Catholic church. But there is also an Iliad to be written about Newman; unlike Homer's it comes after and not before the Odyssey. Newman arrived in the Roman church a stranger, slightly suspicious and suspected. His adventures in Dublin alone deserve another book like this, and Sean O'Faolain, if he is not already working on it, owes it to his readers to get started.

FRANK GETLEIN

Soft Touch

The Stories of Frank O'Connor.
Knopf. 367 pp. \$4.00.

THERE ARE all sorts of nice things one can say about the Irish writer Frank O'Connor's stories, and the book jacket says some of them: they are "delightful, human, humorous, wry, entertaining, often hilarious, sometimes sad." Also, how well written they are, in a fluent conversational prose whose gracefulness is deceptive, for the words will suddenly ball up every now and then into a fist that hits you a sharp, an almost stunning, blow. And yet — there is something wrong, seriously wrong.

The first story in the volume, "*My Oedipus Complex*," shows what the trouble is right off. It is a perfectly charming thing, whose "I" is a precocious little boy of five outraged by his father's coming home

from the wars and intruding his ungainly bulk into the cosy arrangement mother and child have with each other. The story is hilariously told, with what would seem to be an undertone of deadly earnest, until it falls apart in an arch and sentimental ending that unites father and son, all bitterness gone, against the common enemy of a new baby. The author, that is, after leading us to believe that he is working toward some bitter-comic truth about fathers and sons, fobs us off with a piece of philistine whimsicality.

Something like this takes place in most of the stories in the book. We seem to be promised, by flashes of insight into the naked hearts of people and by sudden irruptions of ruthless dialogue, a stark and overwhelming perception of some profound thing, such as one finds in Yeats' poetry and Joyce's *Dubliners*. But then Mr. O'Connor goes soft on us; some kind of compromise is arranged; and we put down the story admiring the author's gifts, but regretting his complaisance.

It may be that Mr. O'Connor is too gentle a soul, aesthetically speaking, to carry through the kind of short story that, with the examples of Joyce, de Maupassant, and Chekhov before him, he is determined to write. A number of the tales, dealing with the Irish "peasantry," are frankly de Maupassant in situation and treatment, and try to get out of the Irish milieu the obstinacy and

harshness of the French writer's peasant world. "*In the Train*" is about country people returning from the trial of one of their women, who was exonerated of the charge of poisoning her husband. It is gradually borne in upon us that the woman is indeed guilty, and that the people of her parish have lied, out of clannish peasant stubbornness, to save her from the judgment and hands of outsiders. The story is beautifully written and skilfully told. Yet it lacks the force — why precisely I don't know — you would think it would have; certainly it doesn't touch de Maupassant's terrible tales. "*Peasants*," a more modest story in this vein, seems to me to come off better.

One of the nicest things in the collection is "*News for the Church*," about a young, fresh girl who comes to one of O'Connor's wonderful cantankerous-upright priests to confess, too unabashedly, an act of "carnal intercourse."

I have perhaps been too hard on Frank O'Connor, considering all the pleasure I got out of his book. Yet the pleasure was rarely unalloyed; if I have been hard on him, it is because he has been soft with us. M. G.

The Baffled Britisher

The Frontiers. By John Strachey.
Random House. 250 pp. \$3.00.

ONE DAY, early in World War II, Pilot Officer Cranley of the British

RAF found himself, for the first time in his career, face to face with the peculiarities of the European continent. Having bailed out of his plane over Nazi occupied France, he had approached the garden of a lone French farmhouse, where he saw a young woman reading a book. But since she obviously did not notice him, he finally coughed politely (—"Well, what else could one do?"—It sounded ludicrously stilted.) and said: "*Je suis Anglais — aviateur.*" Whereupon the young woman rose and said: "Won't you sit down?"

But before Mr. Strachey's slightly baffled hero has a chance to recuperate from this unexpected onslaught of womanly practicality, he finds himself already bicycling across the frontier into Vichy France, married (to the young woman), and whistling "*Daisy Bell*."

There is more to this well-written book by Britain's former Minister of War and RAF Wing Commander than the fresh and somewhat tragicomical story of Cranley's escape from the Continent. But it is this bafflement of the insular Britisher confronted with the complexities, fallacies, and idiosyncracies of Europe and her politics in the 1940's (*The Frontiers* was written in 1941) that turns this otherwise ideologically overburdened book into an amusingly ironical novel, surprisingly well worth reading even at this late date. G. St.

SECOND THOUGHTS

Peter Viereck

Vision and Values

*Back out of all this now too much for us . . .
Here are your waters and your watering place.
Drink and be whole again beyond confusion.*

— ROBERT FROST

THOUGH FEW NEW wreaths adorn the graves of Bentham and Adam Smith, material self-interest is again respectable among younger intellectuals. Not merely in practice — that would hardly be news — but even in theory. It is no longer considered either ignoble or ostentatiously and wittily “candid” to proclaim in public that your job security (now inflated as “career”) matters more than your ideals (now deflated as “my particular preferences”). You may even enjoy exaggerating the extent to which you

Peter Viereck, noted poet and historian, contributed “In Defense of British Imperialism” to our September issue. This present essay, which will make part of his forthcoming Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals (Beacon Press, Boston), was originally delivered as a special address to the Brooklyn College student body.

are seeking the quick buck rather than the riddle of the universe or the building of a social utopia. The implied apology of “after all, we artists must live,” is no longer thought necessary.

Momentarily, such frank cynicism is beguiling. It is the quick cold shower after the long hot bath of a social idealism that was either ineffective or was far too effective in an eastward direction. But what if the cold shower of materialism become teeth-chatteringly long, in an era of mean ca-canniness? Such a prospect is increasingly disquieting to me, who finds little to choose between the false idealism of the leftist 1930’s and the all too genuine materialism of many of the ablest college students today.

The 1930’s were wrong in one extreme, that of a gullible idealism. Sometimes it was a leftist idealism, based on antifascist needs. Sometimes a conservative idealism, based on religious or traditionalist needs.

In either case, an idealism generous and naïve, optimistic and foredoomed. In contrast, more intellectuals of the 1950's — not on the "top" level of, say, Niebuhr or Hannah Arendt but on the always symptomatic campus big shot level — err in the opposite extreme, that of an anti-idealistic, tough-minded sophistication. Negatively considered, their reaction is understandable enough, even logical, though too shrewd to be *sympathique*. It is, of course, the negative reaction to the excessive moral crusading of the days of Loyalist Spain and the Popular Front.

WHAT COLLAPSED so much of the political idealism of my generation? For leftists, the betrayal of idealism in the Hitler-Stalin pact of aggression against Poland. And in general the fascist behavior of the Communist half of "the Popular Front against fascism." And for conservatives, the betrayal of Czechoslovakia by Neville Chamberlain at Munich in 1938. And in general, the collapse of so many old social orders and traditions.

In itself, the reaction against this false gullible idealism of the 1930's is healthy. What is unhealthy is the reaction against idealism in general, whether false or true idealism — the reaction against all long-run moral approaches.

A comical but not amusing example of the new mentality is the

graduating senior who proudly says: "My career will be professional fund-raising for idealistic organizations." Note the adjective "professional." The senior gets asked: "For exactly what ideals, for exactly what organizations do you want to raise funds?" "Oh, I never thought of that," he replies; "What difference does that make? Fund-raising is a public-relations game that really pays big money to its professional organizers, and we won't care which side we raise that money for." This example does not typify the majority of students. But it does typify a significant minority trend.

Some past radicals and dissenters were the naïve dupes or the conscious agents of a foreign despotism. This does not mean that all radicals, dissenters, and native reform movements are disloyal or despotic.

Some past conservatives and some past traditionalists were bigots and tools of economic piracy. This does not mean all conservers of our traditional moral heritage are bigoted or piratical.

Yet these are the glib conclusions of the disillusioned. They react blindly against the equally blind crusading of the 1930's. They become disillusioned with conservative idealism and with Marxism, with religious idealism and with old-fashioned liberalism. This leaves them nothing but an unimaginative and grubbing self-interest.

We hear a lot about the smartness and earthiness of using four-letter monosyllables to become a best seller. Read current headlines, contemplate certain "current events" — and you will wonder what has happened to that other, less best-selling four-letter word: "good." What would it feel like to the secret police who once lied for Hitler and now for Stalin or to whoever peddles marihuana to children or fake cancer-cures to grownups — what would it feel like to them, what strange new *frisson* of a thrill would it afford — to be "good"? In such a context, "good" seems the most truly shocking and daring four-letter word of all. And at the same time — so many are the nuances of simplicity — "good" is such an awkward, homely, heavy-footed, lovable word, like "bread" and "kindness."

Not always so, not at Marathon, not at Valley Forge, not at El Alamein, nor in the anti-Nazi uprising of the Warsaw ghetto — yet today more leaders know the feeling of expediency than of outright, downright, death-defying goodness. Armed Communism is obviously the greatest single threat to the world today. The greatest, yes, but not the only one. Let us in addition sometimes think of other evil threats, even if at present subsidiary threats. Can we solve these other threats by mere expediency and short-range self-interest? Here is one

example among many: the neo-Nazi threat in Germany. To be sure, it is exaggerated at present by the alarmist left. Nevertheless, an unrepentant Nazism, today allied with Communism in Eastern Germany, may triumph tomorrow in Western Germany and there pretend to be our "ally against Communism." The present loose talk of seeking any ally, no matter whom, does not prepare us for the moral crisis that will arrive when such or similar offers are made.

IN THE PRESENT CRISIS we naturally ask of every measure: "Is it or is it not useful for the cold war?" But the present crisis is no more eternal than the present Russian government. And even now there must be moments, in the heat of struggle, when we take time out to see things from a more permanent viewpoint. At such moments we see things in their eternal aspect: *sub specie aeternitatis*. At such moments in the present, and even more so in the future after the Soviet despotism is overthrown and new challenges confront us, we will desperately need a profounder code that is not merely negative and suspicious and "good for the cold war," but positive and reconciling and good-in-itself. In some soul-searching hour of the future, the survival of freedom and creativity may depend on having values beyond the ephemeral utilities of ephemeral political crises.

We must live in two worlds at once. We must live in the practical world of the Soviet threat, or it will wipe us out physically. We must meanwhile keep some part of our minds in the idealistic permanent world, seeing the eternal moral aspect of every material triumph, or it will wipe us out culturally and spiritually. The first of these two worlds in us would protest, and rightly so, if we ignored the Soviet danger by escaping to an ivory tower. The second of these worlds would protest, and rightly so, if we ignored the spiritual and cultural danger by stooping to thought-control demagogies at home or to cynical fascist alliances abroad. Only by the maturity of living in both worlds, not alternately (as if inwardness were only for Sundays) but simultaneously, can we overcome Soviet aggression on both fronts at once, the military front and the front of the free spirit.

WHAT CHARACTERIZES the free spirit? The earth is a freer place to breathe in, every time you love without asking or calculating any return. It is freer every time you feel spontaneous sympathy for strangers. It is freer every time you make your drudgeries and routines still more inefficient by taking plenty of time out to experience the shock of beauty, whether in nature, poetry, music, or the fine arts. Admittedly, this becomes impractical

in a short-run crisis. But in the long run, whatever enriches your inner sensibility with the unguessed surprises of beauty and love, is a moral act and even a political act. It is a liberating political gesture — precisely because not intended politically. Because of its spontaneous unpredictability, it is a gesture of free individualism against the predictable, unspontaneous blueprints of statism and totalitarianism.

There is no intellectual gesture, no matter how intimate, which is not by implication a moral and political act. The Soviets recognize this in reverse. They condemn the lyric poetry of Akhmatova and Pasternak for the crime of expressing emotions of private love and loneliness. These emotions are resented as a thorn in the side of a collectivist utopia. From their viewpoint, the Soviets are right in this. Whatever expresses ethics, beauty, and love with genuine human individuality, is a blow against tyranny. For it aspires beyond the propagandistic, the expedient, and the temporary to the true and lasting aspect of things.

The American is neither Galahad nor Machiavelli's Prince. His politics is necessarily human-all-too-human. It must strike some feasible balance between expediency and morality. Morals in politics may be pushed so far that we become priggishly feckless and have no allies at all. Thereby we would succumb

to an evil enemy by trying to be too good. Such exaggerated and pedantic moralism would lead to suicidal pacifism.

However, an exaggerated moralism is not the most imminent danger to the human race, to put it mildly. It is not the danger represented by those leaders in both parties who talk of any kind of ally being welcome and of any means to national or personal success being justified by the end. They and the millions in their climate of thought are in danger of the opposite extreme. That is the danger of the balance going too far toward expediency. I mean the expediency that betrayed the Czechs at Munich, and the Poles at Yalta, and that perhaps today pardons atrocious Nazi criminals like Ilse Koch or lionizes General Rommel in a movie.

We have seen the shambles caused by Munich deals with despots. We have seen the stupidity of shrewdness. We have seen the suicide inherent in narrow self-interest. Having seen all these things, let readers consider the following, directly opposite approach. Suppose every responsible citizen in America or Europe (every product of the Christian-Hebrew-Hellenic ethic of the West) had made in the near past, or will make in the near future, the following vow. Suppose he vows never to associate either in personal friendship or in any close political alliance with any individual

or group that advocates Nazi-style or Communist-style mass murder, or that apologizes for it, or that appeases it, or that calls criticism of it "war mongering," or that — though without supporting it actively — retains a calculating and mean-spirited silence and passivity toward the horror of Soviet slave-labor camps or Nazi concentration camps.

Under the catalyst of such a vow, what would have happened in the Russia of November, 1917, or the Germany of 1933, or the Czechoslovakia of 1948? Would history be different if responsible citizens had vowed to serve at any cost the ethical code that lights our darkness? "At any cost" means possibly martyrdom and certainly the cost of friendships, profits, and alliances. Would such quixotic "folly" not have resulted in a better world than the present one? Even if it failed, as "too impractical," could it have resulted in a world very much worse? And if it could have worked in the past, which we can not change, then what of the future, which we still can change?

ARE THERE nonpartisan or bipartisan individuals or groups who from this day on will live up to such a vow? If so, let them start right now. Let them do so quietly, without exhibitionism. Let them do so first of all at the simplest human level in their private relationships.

Let them no longer suffer loose vicious talk in silence. Let them be inelegant enough to show indignation. Let them remonstrate reasonably — then, and if necessary, break off relationships — with anybody who persistently and un-innocently repeats, say, anti-Semitic and fascist lies, or pseudo-liberal fellow-traveler lies, or who displays a “1984” callousness toward suffering or slavery or suppression of the individual. Such details of bad character may seem trivial when they occur in ordinary life all around you. But when they spread far through society by the Gresham’s law of unbeatable banality, they can betray civil liberties and civilized values as surely as the more dramatic treason of cloak and dagger. Conversely, the practice of personal and political decencies at the humble grass-roots level can start an ethical chain reaction that saves the soul of a nation despite itself, and despite all the pontifical laws of economic determinism.

It is time to return to that inelegant virtue: righteous indignation. It is never time for that elegant vice: self-righteousness. A new moral emphasis, as a basis for breaking or maintaining political and private relationships, must not become a vindictive fanaticism. Nor must it become holier-than-thou smugness. Nor busybody officiousness. Here my argument seems to take away with one hand what it gave with

the other when urging righteous indignation. But moral problems are not always black and white. They are subtle, complex, and underground.

In fighting what we rightly or wrongly believe to be evil, force must be only the reluctant last resort after all other alternatives are truly exhausted. A circle of brotherhood, inclusive and not exclusive, must be the first resort. Remember the quatrain of Edwin Markham:

*He drew a circle that shut me out —
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!*

But here, too, the subtle and complex problem must be qualified. A faith in love, a distrust of the bludgeon as a method of persuasion, must not be oversimplified into appeasement of the unappeasable, surrendering the world to unappeasable Nazis and Communists. Loving peace, we must always be as pacific as possible — but not pacifistic. Loving mutual tolerance, we must always appease the appeasable — but not the unappeasable. How distinguish these alternatives? Where draw the line? Here in the end we must fall back on that quality known as mature judgment. Mature judgment, plus the needed stimulus of righteous indignation, plus the needed counter-stimulus of compassionate forgiveness: these three

qualities must supplement each other to become effective. It would be an impoverished sensibility and a shallow personality that had only one, or only two, of the three qualities.

The ideal: voluntarily to subordinate the foolish wisdom of cynicism to the wiser folly of universal ethics. Like every universal and abstract ideal, the individual's concrete practice can alone make it a reality. Therefore, let whoever vows to share these aims, practice them quietly. Let him desist from "organizing" them or from writing "letters to the editor" or from any go-getter "rally" or ostentatiously virtuous get-together, as if the practicing of the Christian ethics were nothing but a chummy-hearty clam-bake, or some ghastly Commencement Day homily, or some Philistine "progressive" mass meeting.

Organization (one can imagine the pep talks!) would misdirect the aim of such a vow by sacrificing long-run inner change to short-run successes. Pragmatic programs and outward organizations are indispensable for many fine aims. But not for this one. For this one, they would be too superficial and too subject to partisan exploitation. Only through inwardness — through a change of heart, not of hat or of party — can an increasing number of responsible citizens put such a vow into effect immediately.

America's strength is not the

brute militarism of Prussianism and Russianism. Ours is the stronger strength of gentleness and tolerance. This is why our strength is irresistible in its self-defense when aggressed against once too often by totalitarians of left or right. Meanwhile let us answer the clenched fist of Stalinist fascism with the clean hands of liberty. Let them be hands not weakened by a demagogic delirium tremens.

WHEN WE DEDICATE OUR SOCIETY to the Christian-Judaic code of values, when we vow to use good means and nothing but good means for whatever political ends, then the key word is humaneness. With a generous, unhypocritical humaneness, many lesser sins of inefficiency can be forgiven a social order, and it will still thrive. Without humaneness, not the best of written constitutions and of economic resources can maintain that free society in which opposing parties defend each other's civil liberties and oppose the unparliamentary extremes of left and right. Inhumanity was the key to those pseudo-conservative appeasers and fascist apologists who felt no compassion for the victims of Hitler's camps and who still doubt the documented evidence of Nazi atrocities. Inhumanity is the key to those pseudo-liberal appeasers and neutralists who feel no compassion for the victims of Stalin's Belsens in Siberia and whose still

influential publications belittle the documented evidence of Communist atrocities.

NO MIRACLES may be expected. Humaneness alone will still not end the economic problem. Nor the military problem. Nor any number of material problems, distracting us from the lasting aspect of things; from living *sub specie aeternitatis*. There is no easy, patented solution to military and economic problems, least of all in escapist neutralism toward the Soviet threat. But whichever material solution we eventually find for these material problems, we will not find it without one non-material prerequisite also. The prerequisite — and you have heard this too often, and it's still true — is vision. We can consecrate even our crassness:

by the vision of ethical self-restraints. We can make reality livable again: by a frankly “unrealistic” vision of the brotherhood of all suffering. We can elude self-corruption: by a frankly soft-boiled rejection of the cult of hard-boiled ruthlessness.

You can never improve politics by being exclusively political. To improve the outward and public life, you must also cultivate a rich and private inwardness.

Our concrete military and economic problems must be (as the phrase goes) coped with. They are part of our present reality; the most obvious part of it; temporarily, perhaps, the larger part. But in order to “cope with” them sanely, the present must also build toward a world of peace and kindness in some distant but inevitable future.

Self-Interest

» An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden. And certainly men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself, as thou be not false to others, specially to thy king and country. . . . those which (as Cicero says of Pompey) are *sui amantes sine rivali*, are many times unfortunate. And whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune. . . .

FRANCIS BACON, in “Of Wisdom for a Man’s Self”

DOWN TO EARTH

The Annual Statement

Alan Devoe

A JOURNALIST nowadays writing an article or essay for general consumption can blithely refer to jet propulsion, sonar, nuclear fission, or the incidence of psychoneurosis without an instant's pause to wonder whether perhaps he needs to append a footnote to explain the terms. His readers will know what he means. He can be confident that they will catch his drift, at least to a reasonable extent, if he talks about Point Four, or about inflation, or about television and the coaxial cable. These things come within the popular range of information, experience, and interest. Who knows nothing of them must be a hermit.

But suppose, now, the journalist should refer to fritillaries. Suppose he should refer to a vole. Suppose that, in a burst of urgency to communicate a mood profoundly meaningful to him, he speaks of an eft in the sedge. Suddenly, to a segment of his readers, he is as a visitor from another planet, waving his arms,

eagerly gesturing, but cut off from communication. He is speaking in strange tongues. His urban reader, a Modern Man, peering at the printed pages as he sways homeward on the subway from a day at his forty-ninth-floor office, might respond in an instant to the word "Pentagon," the phrase "disk jockey," or possibly even the mystical syllables "Louella Parsons." But an eft? a vole? a fritillary? What language is this, what strange and novel frame of reference is here involved?

This is exaggerated; but not enormously. For it is substantial truth that a great legion of Modern Man, gaining the world, has lost the earth.

Very old and lasting things — the "first things," as it used to be said, of the human situation — the brown aboriginal earth that fosters us, the vegetations, the creatures, the skies and winds, the seas and seasons — have been so lost to his notice that he hardly remembers them to be real. Very brief and

changing things — this morning's invention, this afternoon's television program, the skyscraper put up last week to replace the one torn down last month during the interim until the new one next year — have taken on, in his engrossment, the solidity of what matters. It is accurate to say that he keeps up with the world. The earth, he has lost. Even the names for the happenings and creatures of that primal estate come to him now as a strange language, as if a novelty. It is intelligible for a cable to be coaxial; but what can it mean or matter if a cloud is cumulus or cirrus? It is clear enough what video is. But a viro . . . who is to remember back to the long, long, long-ago when a little olive-backed bird, singing on a flowering spray, went by that name, and it was meaningful?

It is a function of the "Down to Earth" department to remind the Modern Man in the subway car of earth-fact. It is the charge upon this column of the *MERCURY*, where each month a naturalist unexpectedly pops up among the literary critics and political experts, to try to rescue efts and voles from meaninglessness, to keep the language of earth from becoming a dead language, and to revivify the fact that there were penstemons before there were Pentagons and *Dysticus* water beetles before disk jockeys.

It would be a mistake to be too solemn about this, month after

month. But about once a year I am permitted, in fact asked, to resay, for that Modern Man to whom earth-things have grown dim and distant, what risk he runs, what loss he incurs, and why, to put it simply, it matters a damn whether he knows the names of earth-events or notices them. A column, like a business, may usefully issue an Annual Statement.

In golden-brown October now, with bluebirds calling in the old apple tree underneath which this is written and a woodchuck over at the pasture edge basking in the last warmth of the pale autumnal sun, it seems as good a time as any for this statement. So here it is for this year.

AS PART ONE, then: Louella Parsons, the Generals in the Pentagon, the man in the subway, all human beings of whatever description everywhere, are in the first and unchangeable terms of earth-fact a species of two-legged mammal inhabiting a rotating pellicle of earth which circles around the sun. That is the initial earth-fact. It is a further earth-fact that we mammals of this human species are companioned, during our brief life-adventure on this whirling grain of clay, by several million other species of creatures, some feathered, some furred, some scaled, some large and some little; and that the entirety of this life-cargo, aboard the star, exists in a biological interlocking and

interdependency. It is a further earth-fact that organic is interlocked with inorganic, weather with soil, root with water, light with dark, bird with beast, matter with mind, and so on to an infinity of mutualities. It is a further and in a sense final earth-fact that, all this being so, our particular human species of life is forever of the earth, earthy. We are clay of the earth's clay, bone of its bone; and we are inextricably related to every mammal padding on stealthy paws through whatever woods, every ripening apple and drift of wood smoke now in October, every vireo, every eft, vole, fritillary, and blade of brook-wet sedge. The earth is not merely where we live, as if by accident or as if visiting. We are earth-tissue.

It follows that earth-ignorance can have practical calamitous consequences. To pay no attention to efts or sedges, to lose the whole vocabulary to which such words belong, is not just a trivial thing. For to know something about efts and sedges is to know something about swamps, and to know something about swamps connects with knowing something about rainfall and runoff, and an earth-awareness in such matters has a bearing upon preventing three hundred million tons of topsoil annually washing off the land into the sea. Nature all goes together. Earth-life is all of a piece. A fritillary on a flower top has its relation to the texture of the whole

wild garden of the earth's vegetation. In this texture trees are caught up. When the health of the forests goes askew, behold on a terrible morning there is all of a sudden not enough timber to make wood pulp to make newsprint to make the five editions of the journals that make the world more fascinating with the column of Louella Parsons. Always, down at the bottom of everything, there is the earth-fact. Always there is the brown earth, the flowing water, the grass spear, the seed. There is the vole in his meadow tunnel, and the red fox to catch him. The foundational truth of things lies where it always has, in the primal earth. It can be practically important to have this in mind.

THAT IS Part One, and solemn enough. Now Part Two, which is not so "practical," but in a curiously deep and long-distance way (so "Down to Earth" would suggest, as the subway car goes flying) may be more so.

To know nothing about forests, but only about newsprint; to have forgotten what an animal is, and know only a fur coat; to know water only as what comes from a faucet, and to have lost awareness of what water is in its beginnings, in the brook course between the blackloamed banks, with the sedge holding them . . . all this loss of earth can indeed be practically dangerous. It creates Dust Bowls. It raises the

price of newspapers. It makes wells run dry. It has starved men to death, burnt them up in forest fires, and drowned them. But such deaths, if disasters, are not entirely ignominious. There is a worse kind. There is perishing by inanition. There is being bored to death.

The mind and spirit of man require a tremendous entertainment and nutrition. We are an animal, all right, blood-brother to a raccoon or a rabbit and second cousin to a caddis worm; but we are also a thinking animal. We are the animal that entertains self-conscious awareness, makes abstractions from here-and-now, contemplates and plans and prays. Such an animal as this has an enormous hungriness both for happenings and for meanings. So place this animal that "nothing much seems to be happening," and it grows desperate for amusement. So place it that "nothing much seems to mean anything," and it dies for the lack of discoverable significances.

In the loss of earth lie these risks.

The crows are sailing now down the blustery October wind. The air of earth is full of the scent of withering wild asters, and hickory nuts, and wood smoke and apples. There are bluebirds calling, and jays, and in the frost-touched New England fields the woodchucks are getting ready for hibernation. Here is eventfulness, and here is meaning: happenings in number, significances in number, the entirety constructable,

when a mind works on it, into a pattern of Whole.

IF YOU HAVE the earth — if you possess it, that is, in awareness, and direct toward it understanding — you have the original treasury of occurrences and significances where-with our kind of animal's mind and spirit can fill itself. If you lose it . . . well, these crows have been taken from you, having become "just birds." These wildflowers have been snatched away from you, having become just "that field." The wood smoke is gone and the apples are gone; and now meaning has gone. You have lost the earth, for the world. And this, it turns out, is to trade high adventure for a little routine, experience for non-experience, the sense of significance for a paltry busyness. In a way familiar to every psychiatrist bending over his never-cooling couch, this is to narrow down, and close in, and go deathward.

Nothing much seems to be happening. Nothing seems to mean much of anything. That is our kind of animal's death rattle. That is the last gasp of his starving, on an earth teeming plentiful, but lost.

This ends the Annual Statement. It gets put this formally only once a year or so; but these are some of the kinds of things "Down to Earth" would say, and would urge remembering, even underground, in the swift train; and this is why.

DRAUGHTS OF OLD BOURBON

William Bradford Huie

The Sparkman Legend

WE MAY AS WELL face it: the “Alabama influence” in this country is growing. There was a time back in 1925 when Alabama was no more than the first province in the alphabet, a benighted area of red hills and red necks, beset by the boll weevil, and known only for two elegant yarn spinners, Cotton Tawn Heflin and Florian Slappey. The state was a punching bag for Henry Mencken, who was in his prime as editor of the *MERCURY*.

Today, Alabamians have infiltrated everywhere. By 1949 five members of the United States Senate were graduates of the University of Alabama — Hill, Sparkman, Eastland, Pepper, and McKellar — more than Yale or Harvard could claim. Hugo Black was on the Supreme Court; Tallulah Bankhead was on TV, and Mel Allen on radio.

Now Sparkman is on his way to the Presidency; federal money is

pouring into Alabama like oil through the Big Inch; Yankee industrialists are competing for its plant sites; New Deal social workers have taught Alabama’s women how to space babies; the state has an abundance of government power, government fish, and government water closets; and, Lord save us, an Alabamian has even succeeded Mencken as editor of the *MERCURY*.

It took ninety years, but the South has risen again, with Alabama in the vanguard. So let the Yankees beware! Our granddaddies will be avenged. We’re going to occupy and pillage; we’ll burn down the barns and confiscate the gold at Fort Knox; our secret protocols call for the re-establishment of slavery on the centennial of the Emancipation Proclamation.

In the weeks since the Democratic convention, the boys who write for the mass magazines have been

poking around down in Morgan County, Alabama, piecing together the latest rags-to-statesman legend: the sharecropper's son who may become Vice President. Truman did it; why not Sparkman?

You've got to chuckle at the crafty cynicism of the men who manipulate the Democratic Party. For President they use a sissy-boy like Franklin Roosevelt, who'd do anything for a common man except eat with him; but for Vice President they use a pore-but-aspiring boy like Truman.

Now they've done it again. For President they're running a sissy-boy who went to Princeton and is supposed to give the party of the common men a cultured façade. But for his running mate they must have a real son of the soil, a man who has worn patched britches and felt warm cow dung between his bare toes, an ambitious boy who has heaved coal to get his education, the better to serve his fellow-men.

Well, this can be said for the cynical manipulators: in John Sparkman they have an authentic specimen. Ten years back of him, I went to the same high school he did; my folks have known his folks for generations. I followed him at the University of Alabama. I can, therefore, testify that he was nominated for the Presidency almost from the first day that, ragged and barefoot, he came tramping down that four-mile dirt road from his sharecropper

hut to begin tasting at the Pierian spring.

In a novel a few years ago I described the high school where Sparkman was graduated:

On that May morning I was sitting on the stage in the auditorium of Morgan County High School in Hartselle, Alabama. Back of the stage hung the American flag presented to the school by the *Literary Digest* for using that publication in our current events class. From the walls the dusty countenances of Washington and Lincoln and Lee gazed austere down. Before me sat a crowd of soap-scrubbed, god-fearin', prayin' 'n' propagatin' Tennessee Valley folks. There were dirt farmers and their wives and their uncounted broods in boiled overalls and starched gingham with flour smeared on their faces to take off the soap sheen. Some had come in wagons with grownups a-settin' in cane-bottomed chairs and the young-uns a-settin' on quilts and a-fightin' to see which-uns could hang their feet out the hind-gate. Their boy or girl who had walked six or eight miles a day to school was a-graduat' in town. There, too, were the town folks, one to twenty years removed from the farms, parents of the better dressed graduates-to-be, differing from the dirt farmers only in the texture of the soap they used or in the texture of their clothes.

We were a crowd of six hundred Scots-Irish folks, not one of whom had ever seen an orchid or heard a symphony. Not one of us had ever seen a fur coat or a copy of *Vogue*

or a tile bath. Not one of us had ever seen an atheist, and few of us had ever seen a Catholic. Outside of the teachers and a lawyer and a doctor, not one of us had ever seen a college or a library, and not one of us had a remote idea what the best-selling book of the day was. We were the mud-bound multitude of the South. We were the people who explore the dust and never know there are stars in the sky. The people whose hearts scrape daily against the jagged rocks of reality. Who live close to mud and sweat and dung and all the slimes of life. We were the people whose women's bellies are ever-teeming with progeny which the Good Lord has willed. We were the people whose men struggle against patched patches on the seats of their britches, and whose women struggle against having to make their chemises out of flour sacks. We were the people who are often duped by leaders who despise us.

And yet we were the people who believed in the majesty of man. We were the people who believed a United States senator was great and honest because he was a senator. We were the people who sang of Zion and who hipped and hollered and wept when the band played "Dixie" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." And we were the people who supplied the greatest percentage of volunteers for democracy's army in 1917.

The principal of that high school for thirty years was a gentleman named James H. Riddle. When I was in his classes in geometry and Latin, "Uncle Jimmy" was quite

old, terrible-tempered and almost blind, with a habit of mislaying both his glasses and his teeth. Most American communities, I guess, have had a man like Uncle Jimmy: the harried old academician, who is never paid a living wage, who has to work his garden in order to eat, but who, somehow, persists year after year in trying to teach recalcitrant young morons how to reason, and who, all his life, remains a sucker for the bright-eyed lad with ambition.

Uncle Jimmy had been a sucker for John Sparkman from the first day he saw him, and when I was in school he never let a month go by that he didn't tell the whole student body the Sparkman Story.

WHEN SPARKMAN was ten years old, the seventh of eleven children, he had been the boy who arrived first at the backwoods, one-room schoolhouse at Mt. Tabor. He got there first in order to cut the wood and get the fire going so that the other kids wouldn't catch cold.

When he was thirteen, Sparkman began walking his eight miles a day to attend high school. And in four years he never missed a day. Not only did he never miss a regular day, but on the Saturdays when Uncle Jimmy asked some of the boys to help him plant trees on the campus, John was often the only boy who showed up. Sparkman brought firewood to town on Saturday to sell, and Uncle Jimmy was his principal

customer. The legend says he graduated with the highest grades in the history of the school, and who am I to challenge a legend?

"I've seen lots of boys pass through this school," Uncle Jimmy used to tell us, "but none with the ambition of John Sparkman. He'll be President of the United States some day; you watch and see."

In college Sparkman won the assistance of another stern old taskmaster, Dr. George Hutchinson Denny, the Irishman who is credited with building the modern University of Alabama. The legend there goes that Sparkman arrived with \$75 borrowed on a cotton crop, stayed eight years, got three degrees and a Phi Beta Kappa key, a wife and a daughter, and left with \$1,500. But it was during this university period that the first question marks begin to creep into the legend.

Sparkman was elected president of the student body as the vigorous champion of the "barbarians" — the non-fraternity men; but a few hours after his election was conceded, he became a Pi Kappa Alpha. This resulted in the appearance on the main bulletin board of two lines from Browning's *The Lost Leader*:

*Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to wear on his coat.*

In this maneuver, of course, Sparkman was only following the lead of another peerless knight of the common men, the late Wendell Will-

kie. (Since I knew Willkie in 1936 when he was trying to knife T.V.A. in the back, and later listened to his "liberal" bellowings in 1940, I am willing to concede him the archetypical position among the pore-boy politicians.)

When Sparkman left the university, there was method in the choice of the vineyard in which he was to toil. Alabama's Eighth Congressional District, the Tennessee Valley district, is made up of six counties, of which Morgan is one. The most populous county in the district, however, is Madison; so Sparkman joined a law firm in Madison County and began cultivating a constituency there. Thus, whenever he got ready to run for Congress, he could claim both the more populous counties in the district as "home" counties.

In 1936 he made his successful bid for Congress. In the T.V.A. district, naturally, he favored T.V.A. and denounced the power companies. But under cover he had the support of the power companies, some of which for years had been clients of his law firm.

During this first campaign Sparkman introduced the pore-boy legend and the patched britches as his prime political asset. This drew one retort which has stuck:

"Sparkman, you'll always have to wear patched britches. Because you'll always be a-bustin' your britches a-tryin' to straddle every fence you come to."

As to just what John Sparkman stands for, few men are prepared to say. He might be called a liberal Dixiecrat. Or perhaps a conservative New Dealer. We have an adjective in the South sometimes applied to a politician. *Oleaginous*. I'd describe Sparkman as "oleaginous."

In 1937 he came up against his first hurdle when Roosevelt introduced the court packing bill. Sparkman met this one in a forthright manner: he decided he was for the bill "with reservations."

In 1946 he ran for an unexpired Senate term as a pore boy, with the support of farmers and labor. In 1948, with Alabama having joined the Dixiecrat rebellion, Sparkman denounced Truman, came out for Eisenhower, and was elected to a full term with both labor and "some industrial" support.

He met the Taft-Hartley challenge in the classic oleaginous manner. He voted *for* the bill and this brought him telephonic congratulations from Alabama's industrialists and denunciations from Alabama's labor unions. Truman vetoed the bill. Whereupon Sparkman notified his old friends, the labor bosses, that he would shift and vote to sustain the veto. And this he did. This brought him congratulations from the labor unions.

However, the bill was passed over Truman's veto, and when Alabama's industrialists telephoned to denounce him for his shift, Spark-

man appeased them by letting them understand that he had voted to sustain only after making certain that the bill had enough support to be passed over the veto.

Bright-eyed pore boys who aspire to serve their fellow-men should study this technique carefully.

ONE POINT IS CLEAR: Sparkman is for the common man. At least up to a point. That point, as indicated by his student political experience, is the point at which he is elevated to power. But that is unfair. That would be comparing him to pore boys like Joe Stalin, or pore girls like Ana Pauker, who, once they have used common men to depose the king, move promptly into the king's bedroom and summon the king's servants.

Another point is clear: regarding his personal finances, Sparkman has retained the attitude of the thrifty peasant. No one has ever accused him of generosity. His wife has always been on the public payroll. And at least three of his former employees have indicated that they were privileged to "kick back" a portion of their earnings to their benefactor. This, I'm sure, is only the slanderous bickering of disgruntled former employees. I don't believe a word of it.

On the night after Sparkman was nominated for the Vice Presidency, two of Hartselle's middle-aged citizens were riding around during the

evening, taking a few friendly pulls at the jug, and meditating on the vanity of all things human, when they happened to pass the cemetery. The driver pulled up, opened the door, and walked through the cemetery until he had located the modest headstone of Uncle Jimmy Riddle. He steadied himself, cleared his throat, and whispered: "Uncle Jimmy, I just want to let you know that John is on his way."

On August 20, 1952, Senator Sparkman came back to Hartselle and to Morgan County High School for a parade and homecoming speech. The Senator was introduced by Congressman Bob Jones, who said: "This is a proud moment for Morgan County. The South has gained the recognition it so richly deserves."

According to the Birmingham *Post-Herald*, "the Senator then reminded his home folks of his own humble beginning and compared it with the rise of all U. S. mankind during the past nineteen years of the Democratic administration. 'I remember the days when my childish heart yearned that my daddy

might own a piece of land; that we might call it our own,' he said. 'I knew how impossible that was. That was one wish that was never realized.'"

The Senator attended a luncheon with nine other members of his high school graduating class of 1917, after which he led his classmates to the cemetery where they placed flowers on Uncle Jimmy's grave.

There was one impertinent incident, and I'm sorry for it. The alumnus of Morgan High who has made the most money — perhaps the only disciple of Uncle Jimmy who will ever be able to cash a check for a million dollars — is a talented citizen named Hubert Mitchell. And by courtesy of the Hubert Mitchell Industries, three thousand copies of a pamphlet were distributed to Sparkman's homecoming crowd. The pamphlet was entitled "*Why a Southerner Should Vote Republican*" and was written by William Bradford Huie.

As I say, I'm sorry that happened. Hubert should have waited and sent it to them in the mails. Has he lost all respect for Uncle Jimmy?

**Mercury Readers Please
Note:**

ALAN DEVOE,

popular author of *Mercury's*
monthly feature "Down to
Earth", presents in his new
book all the miraculous
enchantment and interest of

This Fascinating ANIMAL WORLD



Fully illustrated with line drawings

\$3.75 at all bookstores

McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY, Inc.
330 West 42nd Street, New York 18



In these engaging investigations into the naturalist's world, Alan Devoe answers all the questions about animal life that people most frequently ask. *Do fish go to sleep? Can an earthworm learn anything? What makes a polywog become a frog? What's the biggest animal in the world? Do animals ever experience love or commit suicide?* Besides strange and curious facts about individual animals, this informative book covers: animals in general, mammals, birds, insects, snakes, fish and animal variety.

You can read **THIS FASCINATING ANIMAL WORLD** from beginning to end and get a rounded picture of the animal kingdom; you can dip into it at random and discover new and extraordinary truths. Alan Devoe, with his usual philosophical insight, has written a *distinctive* nature book. Your library won't be complete without it.

MERCURY Reprints . . .

Freedom's Case Against Dean Acheson

How Eisenhower Can Win

Why a Southerner Should Vote Republican

Is Truman Honest?

How to be a Republican and Enjoy It

War Bonds: More Delusions of Security

This Is the Pivotal Year

The Book Reviewers Sell Out China

Brains Can Win for America

Pregnancy and Politics in Alabama

**The MERCURY sells more reprints of its articles than any other magazine
in America**

ORDER THEM.

READ THEM.

DISTRIBUTE THEM.

10 copies \$1.00	50 copies \$3.00
25 copies \$2.00	100 copies \$5.50
1,000 copies \$45.00	

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y.